THE Muse in Good Humour: OR, A COLLECTION OF THE Best POEMS, COMIC TALES, CHOICE FABLES, ENIGMAS, &c.

From the most Eminent POETS.

With some ORIGINALS.

PART I.

CONTAINING,

Bashful Ben.
The Ladies Looking Glass.
The Merchant's Tale.
Desire and Possession.
The Enchantment.
The Wife of Bath.
Truth and Falshood.
Simple Simon.
The imperfect Enjoyment.
The English Padlock.
The Vision.
Middle aged Man and his two Mistresses.
Sauntring Jack and idle Joan.
Baucis and Philemon.
The Original of Matrimony.
Susannah and the two Elders.
Female Virtue.
Love Disarmed.
Delia's Wedding-Night.
Vertumnus and Pomona.
The Conscientious Keeper.
The Fox and Dragon.
The Button-Hole.
The Elbow Chair.
Love attones for little Crimes.
Saying and Doing are two Things.
Woman's Logick.
The [illegible] Father.
To Chloe.
A Fragment.
The Exorcism.
The Widow's Excuse.
Falling in Love.
Balaam's Pedigree.
The Happy Night.
A Game at Pot.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

MDCCXLV.

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Muſe in Good Humour:
OR, A
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OF THE
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PART I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE PREFACE.

THE extraordinary Reception the first Volume of this Collecton has met with, is a Demonstration of the Agreeableness of the Subject, and consequently a sufficient Inducement to encourage the Completion of so entertaining a Work.

No Sort of Reading has more Admirers than that of Poetry; of which, Tales are the most instructive and diverting.

And though we had taken all possible Care in collecting the former Volume, yet we find on Retrospection that many were

were omitted; which were in every Respect equal, and some much superior to the former, them and only them we have inserted in our Second Volume; by which the Design of the Muse in good Humour, *is now render'd compleat. A generous Encouragement of the Work, will also make the Compiler in a good Humour, who is the Candid Reader's,*

HumbleServant.

TO THE READER.

IF *any Thing may claim Esteem for being ancient,* Enigma's *are sure of Approbation; since we find from the earliest Account of Things, they were in Use even amongst Great and Learned Men. The Ancient* Magi *were wont to make them their principal Study.* Princes *and* Philosophers, *as we are told by* Josephus, Herodotus, Plutarch, *&c. introduc'd them in the midst of their Games and Feasts.* Oedipus, *King of the* Thebans, *solv'd one that was propounded to him by the* Sphynx, *by which he sav'd that People from a deadly Calamity. The* Egyptian Hieroglyphics *were a Kind of* Enigmas: *The* Oracles *of the* Sybils *were often such. And the* Fables *of the renown'd* Æsop,

what were they but ſo many Enigmatic *Queſtions? And even in the Sacred Writings we read of* Sampſon's *propounding one to the* Philiſtines, *and of the Queen of* Sheba, *ſeveral to King* Solomon. *And indeed all Ages have eſteem'd theſe innocent Deceits; admiring the Art of the Writer who could, as it were, put a* Veil *before the* Sun, *and at the ſame Time pleaſing themſelves at their own Wit and Dexterity in bringing to Light, that, which ſeem'd almoſt buried in* Darkneſs.

WE would not be thought ſuch Advocates for Enigma *as to approve of all that paſs under that Denomination, for 'tis certain there are many that can by no Means be approv'd of.* Plato, *and many others of the Ancients, have given us ſome of the mixt or complex Kind upon Subjects ſo dark and obſcure, as to require more than an* Oedipus *to ſolve them. And Numbers of the preſent Age are juſtly blameable upon many Accounts.*

THE Subject *of an* Enigma *ought always to be choſen from Things that are common*

common and well known; it is the Enigma *ſhould be obſcure, and not the* Subject; *for there is no need to make that obſcure that is already ſo. It ought likewiſe to be wrote in the moſt familiar Words; Terms of* Art, *or Words that are* obſolete, *ought never to be admitted.*

A ſtrict Regard ſhould likewiſe be had to Truth, *for if any* Falſhood *is aſſerted, it is impoſſible to come at the Solution.*

THE Paſſions, *(as Love, Hatred, Joy, Sorrow,* &c.) *ought never to be attributed to Things that are* inanimate, *for whenever they are, the Reader's Attention is confin'd altogether on Things that have an* animate *Exiſtence; and beſides is the higheſt Abſurdity. The ſame Care ſhould be taken in applying the* Senſes *to ſuch Things* only *as they are known to belong to.*

AS the Publiſhers of the following RIDDLES *intend to purſue this Undertaking farther than the preſent Collection; it is their earneſt Requeſt to all ſuch as have*

have Originals by them, to communicate them to the Bookſeller for whom this is printed, and Care ſhall be taken to inſert them in the following Part, with the Names (if deſir'd) of the Authors prefix'd. And here we ſhould be wanting to ourſelves if we neglected to return our ſincere Thanks to thoſe who have favour'd us with their generous Aſſiſtance in this our firſt Eſſay, enabling us to make this Collection more valuable, than otherwiſe we could poſſibly have done.

The PUBLISHERS.

ERRATA. Page 18. l. 19. for *Iris*, read *Iris*; p. 59. l. 14. for *are*, r. *have*; p. 79. l. 20. for *Parrhaſus*, r. *Parrhaſius*.

A KEY to the RIDDLES.

Riddle	
1	A Riddle
2	A Pen
3	Country Dancing
4	Ink
5	A Fire-ship
6	Snow
7	Fire
8	A Pair of Gloves
9	A Shoe
10	A Chamber-Pot
11	A Wind-mill
12	Silence
13	Nothing
14	A Pen
15	Night
16	A Needle
17	A Flea
18	Quickfilver
19	A Watch
20	The Gout
21	A Swallow
22	A Bee-Hive
23	The Magnetick Needle
24	An Egg
25	A Linnen Wheel
26	Books

Riddle	
27	A Shuttle-Cock
28	Smoak
29	Horns
30	The Backside
31	A Tobacco-Pipe
32	Ignorance
33	A Corn-Mill
34	A Sheet of Pins
35	Silence
36	Spectacles
37	A Drum
38	A Stranger or Messenger in a Candle
39	Wool
40	A Jack at Bowls
41	A Pincushion
42	A Pair of Stays
43	Thought
44	A Mouse-Trap
45	A Horse's Bridle
46	The Heart
47	Pride
48	A Candle
49	Ambition
50	Fortune
51	Shadow
52	Gold

52 Gold
53 A Bed
54 A Clock
55 A Cork-Screw
56 Innocence
57 Sleep
58 Eccho
59 A Bladder
60 A Wind-mill
61 Wiſdom
62 A Privy
63 A Looking-Glaſs
64 A Walking-Stick
65 A Louſe
66 A Dream
67 A Pair of Snuffers
68 Jealouſy
69 A Weaver's Shuttle
70 Wind
71 Love
72 Ice
73 Shadow
74 A T—d
75 A Pen
76 Conſcience
77 A Pudding in a Hare's Belly
78 Silver
79 Cuſtom
80 A Picture
81 The Word No
82 An Almanack
83 A Bell
84 Time
85 Jealouſy
86 A Looking-Glaſs
87 A Comb
88 Marriage
89 An Oyſter
90 The Figure 9
91 Death
92 The Firſt of April
93 Patience
94 A Pen
95 A Nail
96 A Serpent
97 Paper
98 A Rod
99 A Seal
100 A Fart
101 A Looking-Glaſs
102 Darkneſs
103 A Tea Pot
104 Paper
105 Tobacco
106 A Rowling-Pin
107 Hope
108 A Pen
109 A Bell
110 A Parrot
111 Eccho
112 Ambition
113 Pins
114 Reputation
115 Hexameter Verſe conſiſting of Six Feet, or Syllables.
116 A Beard
117 An Enigma
118 Health
119 Sleep
120 Sound
121 A Pair of Dice
122 The Soul
123 Frozen Milk
124 A Bottle

BRITISH MUSEUM 23SE76

BRITISH
23SE76
MUSEUM

G.B ickham jun. inv. et sc.

A COLLECTION OF RIDDLES.

RIDDLE I.

AS *Pallas* was the Offspring of *Jove*'s Head,
So I from learn'd ingenious Brains am bred:
And to act suitable to my Descent,
In Studies deep my sprightly Thoughts are spent.
In Problems hard, dark, and obscure I deal,
Which, but from prying Eyes, themselves conceal.

From East to West, from Pole to Pole I roam,
In search of hidden Truths, then come
Furnish'd with useful Observations home.
Ideas infinite to my Fancy crowd;
But none but proper, have a Place allow'd.
Thus do I rifle all the Stores of Nature,
And fetch in rich Supplies from ev'ry Creature.
Then I, with Art, the scatter'd Parts digest,
And in quaint Style and mystic Numbers dress'd,
I publish 'em, that others may take pains
As well as I, and rack their lab'ring Brains.
For what I've studied so, I never mean
That others shou'd more easily obtain.
But he whose penetrating Genius can
Conceive me; thinks himself a happy Man.
Indeed when I've to do with some less wise,
(Pleas'd still to *Nonplus*, Puzzle and Surprize)
I deal in Quibbles, Punns and trifling Subtilties.
Thus do I speak as I Occasion see,
And suit myself to each Capacity.

RIDDLE II.

I AM an Implement that's common,
Much occupy'd by Man and Woman;
Not very thick, nor very long,
Yet tolerable stiff and strong:
If Inches twelve may give content,
That Measure's much about my Stint,

E'en

E'en tho' the Knack of Circumciſion,
Hath ſomewhat alter'd my Condition.
Sometimes I'm only us'd for Pleaſure,
And then I'm jaded out of Meaſure;
If a young vig'rous Bard employs me,
Egad e'en to the Stumps he tries me:
A Parſon to get one in ten,
In private plies me now and then;
The Lawyer and the Doctor too,
For Fees will wear me black and blue;
For Length of Time I've don't, and ſtill
Bring ſtore of Griſt to either's Mill.
I have a dribbling at the Noſe,
Which leaves a Stain where'er it goes,
And yet the faireſt Nymph will uſe me,
The Queen herſelf did not refuſe me;
Or ſome did fouly her beſpatter,
Or none approv'd my doings better.
I'm us'd by Numbers of all Arts,
Who wou'd be reckon'd Men of Parts;
And none eſteems a Lady poliſh'd,
Who has not often me demoliſh'd;
And let me tell you, by the by,
A Minute's Labour drains me dry:
I'm now exhauſted ſo have done;
Now who, or what I am make known.

RIDDLE III.

IN ſhaping me both Sexes join,
Who muſt in fit Embraces twine,
And grow with mutual Motions warm,
Ere they compleat my myſtic Form;
I pleaſe (tho' from the Country ſprung)
The City and the Courtly Throng;
I oft promote the balmy Kiſs,
And Muſic heightens much the Bliſs.
By me engag'd you ne'er can doſe,
Yet I procure the ſoft Repoſe,
And (which increaſes more your Mirth,)
Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

RIDDLE IV.

I'M blacker than a Winter's Night,
Yet bring innum'rous Deeds to light;
The Negro's is a fairer Hue,
Yet *Celia* loves my Face to view,
And from its Lines collects her Fortune;
Not Coffee-grounds are half ſo certain,
'Tis I that ſecretly reveal,
The Pains which anxious Lovers feel,
And ſurer than the Doctors cure
The Ills which pining Maids endure.

I'm

I'm read in *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *Greek*,
And in moſt Tongues which Mortals ſpeak.
I undertake all Kinds of Verſe,
Tragick or Comick Themes rehearſe,
I riſe to Epic, ſink to Farces,
Like *Homer* write, or *Cibber*'s Verſes.
A greater Trav'ler ne'er was known,
I viſit ev'ry learned Town,
For carrying News all over *Europe*,
Who wou'd exceed me has but poor Hope;
Or good, or bad, the ſame to me,
I tell it all, yet nothing ſee:
The Mole's not half ſo blind as I am,
Yet all from *London* e'en to *Siam*,
To me apply when ſeeking Knowledge;
I learning teach in ev'ry College.
To ſet down all I do, or may do,
Were endleſs, ſo, for this Time, Adieu.

RIDDLE V.

THEY who firſt form'd me, were within my Womb:
In Fight I'm vanquiſh'd when I overcome.
The Miſtreſſes I court are very ſhy,
And *Parthian* like, wou'd kill me as they fly.
Yet ne'er was Swain ſo conſtant as I am.
No Breaſt e'er harbour'd ſo unfeign'd a Flame;

For th' End of my Purſuit, and my Deſire
Is, claſp'd in their Embraces to expire;
And then Life from me does in Tranſports fly;
For I ne'er truly live, but when I die.

RIDDLE VI.

FROM the Retirements of the Dead,
To Regions where no Mortals tread
I mount: Then borne, I firſt on high,
Become the Object of the Eye.
To thoſe, who ſee me from below,
I'm habited in ſable Show;
But when deſcended from my Height,
My Robes are of the pureſt White,
Whilſt I am haſtening to my Fate,
Unſullied yet my Virgin State,
No Down of Swan was e'er ſo light,
So ſoft, ſo beautiful and bright.
An emblematick Innocence;
A cold, but yet a ſure, Defence.
Great Nature's Nurſe I maſk, and place
Protection o'er her rev'rend Face:
But for this tender Action, I
Unpitied, unregarded die;
Trodden and mixt with common Earth;
Mean Fate! for ſo ſublime a Birth.

RIDDLE VII.

COæval with the World, I lay conceal'd,
'Till my Exiſtence prying Man reveal'd;
Sometimes in Caves and Mountains make my Bed,
And oft beneath the Waves in Embryo hid,
Nor ought I to deny the Aid of Strife,
By means of which I ſtruggled into Life;
Like Animals I do ſubſiſt by Breath,
Yet often from its Force receive my Death.
What ſage *Pythagoras* of old maintain'd,
That Souls departed ſtill new Bodies gain'd,
So I by Change of Habitation live,
And Tranſmigrating a new Life receive.
Thro' me bleſt Saints a certain Paſſage find
To thoſe immortal Joys by Heaven aſſign'd;
Thro' me too, Sinners ſink into a Woe
Beyond the Power of preſent Thought to know.
All Men me court, and all alike me ſhun;
I'm good to all, yet many have undone;
Now flouriſh, now decay, now die, now live,
Now pleaſure, and now Pain, by turns I give.
Subſtance and Form, in me, are but a Name,
For neither of the two I rightly claim;
A Spirit leſs, and yet ſuch Force enjoy,
As all material Beings ſhall deſtroy.

RIDDLE VIII.

THink not, fair Ladies, I'm a Cheat,
Tho' I have never ſeen as yet
A Hand I cou'd not counterfeit.
Art took me from my Mother's Side,
And did a kinder Nurſe provide;
Whoſe Care ſo far prevail'd, that ſoon
I found my native Roughneſs gone.
And from the Rule that Nature takes,
In the more lovely Works ſhe makes,
As when her Wiſdom ſtrives to grace
With Eyes and Lips the Human Face,
In double Births her Work is ſeen,
And each to other proves a Twin:
'Tis thus I in the World appear,
No ſooner form'd, but am a Pair,
I'm made the Guard of Female Charms;
By them I was train'd up to Arms;
And tho' I ſeem of gentle Mein,
At Combats I have often been.
But tho' I ſeem to threaten War,
To ſhew how much I Peace prefer,
The deareſt Friends have found in me,
(When they wou'd Friendſhip's Laws decree)
A well known Proverb to declare,
How very intimate they are,

By

By th' Youth I'm claim'd for raviſh'd Bliſſes,
And made the Fee of ſtollen Kiſſes;
When with a tender Tread, for fear
His Step ſhou'd wake the ſleeping Fair,
He prints upon her melting Lip
The happy Forfeiture of Sleep.

I've ſuch obliging Ways about me,
There's ſcarce a Viſit made without me:
And in my Dreſs, where'er I go,
I ſympathize with Joy or Woe.
When I at Funerals appear,
My Sable Robes I always wear;
And have a Suit of White beſide,
Whenever I attend the Bride.

It is my chiefeſt Care to hide
The radiant Di'mond's ſparkling Pride;
To keep the Em'rald's lovely green,
And the gay Ruby's Bluſh unſeen;
But ſtay till I'm retir'd, and you
The hidden Furniture may view.
Then may the Youth a Treaſure ſee!
To touch it would a Pleaſure be;
The richeſt, ſofteſt Ivory!
May ſee of Gems a radiant Scene,
By th' Wearer poliſh'd o'er again:
May ſee a Saphire proud to bear
A Ringlet of the fair One's Hair;
Then, too, the happy Bride may ſee,
Her Pledge of Bridal Conſtancy;

Which,

Which, in a plain-wrought Circle bending,
Denotes a Love that knows no Ending;
And ſhews, the Ornament ſhou'd be
Of trueſt Love, Simplicity.
Ladies, who have a Hand at gueſſing,
Know it is you I am addreſſing:
And by this Time, the Muſe depends
You have me at your Fingers Ends.

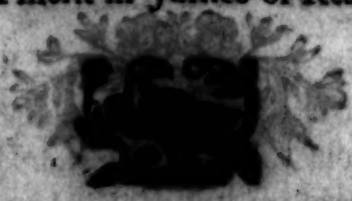
RIDDLE IX.

THO' a good Soul I have, yet I can't hope to be ſav'd,
And in this World, from firſt to the laſt am enſlav'd;
With Irons they torture and tear my poor Hide,
Then ſend me out naked; yet ſuch is my Pride,
That in ev'ry Aſſembly I ſtrive for the Lead,
Tho' it muſt be confeſs'd, I am far from the Head.
My Office the baſeſt, my Food of the worſt,
And tho' cram'd with raw Fleſh till I'm ready to burſt,
Shou'd I offer to pouch, am moſt damnably curſt.
For my Learning, it will a mere Paradox ſhow,
Tho' I underſtand great Things, yet nothing I know.
Tho' thus mean in myſelf, even Kings I ſupport,
Have Acceſs to the Fair, am familiar at Court,
And at Balls, have the principal Share in the Sport.

RIDDLE

RIDDLE X.

'TWAS Art that compleated the Form that I wear,
From Nature's grand Chaos, digeſted in Air,
To the Furnace I'm caſt, and when come from the Lake,
No Martyr ſo faithful e'er burn'd at the Stake.
Then at once I'm admitted at Court, and am ſeen
In a private Apartment employ'd by the Queen,
No Knight in the City ms Favour denies me,
And there is not a Lady in Town but employs me,
To *Bacchus*, I own, for his friendly Support
I'm highly indebted, as Prince of the Sport.
For Legs of my own I have none to employ,
And yet to the Ladies I often am nigh.
When rid out of Pleaſure, and jaded with Spleen,
I ſtain their white Stockings tho' ever ſo clean;
Yet, if thus I happen to give them Affront,
'Tis paſt by in Silence, no Mention made on't.
I yield them ſuch Eaſe, in ſo needful a Seaſon,
No Cenſure I merit in Juſtice or Reaſon.



RIDDLE XI.

SUblime, erect, I cut the yielding Air,
A Guide as certain as the Morning Star,
Turn'd like the Eagle to the Eye of Day,
I with unwearied Pinions wing my Way,
And round large Circles in the Sun-beams play.
I musically mount like Morning Lark,
And with sweet *Philomela* cheer the Dark;
Then hang with outstretch'd Wings in equal Poise,
Nor sinking down descend, nor soaring rise.
In single Combat, with a valiant Foe,
I pluck'd the Laurel from the Champion's Brow,
Giving both Man and Horse an Overthrow.
Within my House some ghostly Fathers stand,
Taking first Fruits and Tythes without Demand,
In Robes of Virgin Innocence array'd,
As white as Priest in new wash'd Surplice clad;
Yet they are said, like others in the Land,
To have an evil Heart and griping Hand.

RIDDLE XII.

I AM a Mute yet full of Eloquence;
A decent Cover to a Want of Senſe;
The Life of Muſick, and the Soul of Spleen,
The Spring of Pain, and Fount of Joy unſeen;
A living Death who am of nothing made,
In Noon-Day's Sun wrapt up in thickeſt Shade;
Yet often call'd to ſacred Juſtice' Aid.
Wiſdom provok'd, when Vice and Folly vent
Their nauſeous Sound, by me denies Aſſent.
A Cloak for Guilt, and Modeſty's Pretence,
The Villain's Bait for artleſs Innocence;
Allur'd by me the Cit ſuſpends his Gains,
To taſte the Bliſs I ſpread o'er rural Plains.
The Sage and Wit me court, and me revere,
As th'Element and Mint of Knowledge clear;
In which it moves, from whence it ſprings and ſhines
In num'rous ancient and ſome modern Lines.
Ev'n ſtubborn Quakers in aſſembled Swarms,
Give me the Praiſe of thouſand thouſand Charms.

RIDDLE XIII.

BEFORE creating *Nature* will'd
That Atoms into Form ſhou'd jar,
By me the boundleſs Space was fill'd,
On me was built the firſt made Star.

For me the *Saint* will break his Word;
By the proud Atheiſt I'm rever'd;
At me the *Coward* draws his Sword,
And by the *Hero* I am fear'd.
Scorn'd by the meek and humble Mind,
Yet often by the *vain* poſſeſt;
Heard by the *Deaf*, ſeen by the *Blind*,
And to the *troubl'd Conſcience* reſt:
Than *Wiſdom*'s ſacred Self I'm wiſer,
And yet by ev'ry *Blockhead* known;
I'm freely given by the *Miſer*,
Kept by the *Prodigal* alone.
The * * * * God bleſs him! as ('tis ſaid)
At me is ſometimes in a Paſſion;
Yet even *Him* I can perſuade,
To act againſt his Inclination.
As *Vice* deform'd, as *Virtue* fair,
The Courtier's Loſs, the *Patriot's* Gains,
The *Poet's* Purſe, the *Coxcomb's* Care,
Read, and you'll have me for your Pains.

RIDDLE XIV.

IN *Youth* exalted high in *Air*,
Or *bathing* in the *Waters* fair;
Nature to form me took Delight,
And clad my *Body* all in *White*:

My

My Perſon *tall*, and ſlender Waſte,
On either Side with *Fringes* grac'd;
Till me that Tyrant Man eſpy'd,
And drag'd me from my Mother's Side:
No Wonder now I look ſo thin;
The Tyrant ſtrip'd me to the Skin:
My *Skin* he *flay'd*, my *Hair* he *cropt*,
At Head and Foot my Body lopt:
And then, with Heart more hard than Stone,
He pickt my Marrow from the Bone.
To vex me more he took a Freak,
To ſlit my Tongue and make me ſpeak;
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to Eyes and not to Ears.
He oft employs me in Diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a Thouſand Lies:
To me he chiefly gives in Truſt
To pleaſe his Malice, or his Luſt.
From me no Secret he can hide;
I ſee his Vanity and Pride:
And my Delight is to expoſe
His Follies to his greateſt Foes.
All Languages I can command,
Yet not a Word I underſtand.
Without my Aid the beſt Divine
In Learning wou'd not know a Line:
The Lawyer muſt forget his Pleading,
The Scholar cou'd not ſhew his Reading.

Nay; Man my Maſter is my Slave;
I give Command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten Thouſand Pounds a Year,
And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.
But while I thus my Life relate,
I only haſten on my Fate.
My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a Word.
I die unpity'd and forgot;
And on ſome Dunghil left to rot.

RIDDLE XV.

E'RE Time, or Place, or Forms were uſher'd in,
I am of ancient ſacred Origin.
O'th'empty Space, once an unqueſtion'd King,
'Till half my native Lot I did reſign
To a bright Rival, who to me muſt owe
His glorious Luſtre, and Dominion too:
'Twas from my pregnant undiſcerned Womb,
That all exiſtent Forms at firſt did come.
To me the Stars above their Brightneſs owe,
And Mortals their Repoſe below:
To my Protection the Diſtreſſed flee,
Under my Shade the conſcious Lovers free.
I bear alternate Rule, one half of Time,
By undiſturbed Right I juſtly claim.

Then

Then of my ſilent Reign the'Advantage take,
And try what of the Myſt'ry you can make.

RIDDLE XVI.

I Came of the *Cyclopean* Race,
Like them one Eye adorns my Face,
I'th'Middle of my Forehead plac'd.
But all the Works the *Cyclops* have
Wrought in their ſubterranean Cave,
Ev'n when our *Aphrodite*'s Requeſt
They on *Æneis* Shield and Creſt,
The Fate of future *Rome* foretold,
(As Poets fabuliz'd of old,)
Were not ſo elegant and fine,
Or of ſuch various Kinds as mine.
You'd judge me by my Equipage,
The greateſt Warrior of the Age;
For if you do ſurvey me round,
Nothing but Steel is to be found.
Yet going armed Cap-a-pee,
Like the old Knights of Errantry,
I am not fam'd for Chivalry.
Giants or Monſters I ne'er kill,
But tender Ladies Blood I ſpill.

RIDDLE XVII.

IN Times of Yore, when Things in common were
'Mongſt pious Men, when Univerſal Love,
To ſcatter'd Nations under the Expanſe
Of Heaven's ſpacious Canopy, was taught;
Then ſure the World with golden Days was bleſs'd.
But I have Reaſon 'gainſt thoſe Times t'exclaim,
Since even then this peaceful mutual Love
Never diffus'd its Influence on me;
For early Woes did with my Birth commence,
Nature was careleſs and my Shape deform'd.
Mankind malicious Enmity denounc'd,
And vow'd Averſion to my future Race;
Thus doom'd to Vengeance ever ſince I've been,
And now remain the Object of their Hate.
My Food is ſuch as gives me great Content,
But always eat with Hazard of my Life:
Search ev'n in Palaces you'll find me there;
Yet oftener with poor *Iris* I cohabit.
Phillis ſhe calls me Vagrant, Foe to Love,
And the Diſturber of a ſweet Repoſe:
But when of late her *Damon* I awoke
At Noon of Night, and bad him to prepare
For many Joys; the Swain with dreadful Ire
My boneleſs Trunk ſurpriz'd, and nail'd it down.

RIDDLE XVIII.

WITHIN the Bowels of the Earth immur'd
And with impenetrable Rocks ſecur'd,
I undiſcover'd lay, 'till painful Art,
Depuls'd me from my Mother's tender Heart.
Some ſay I was engendred by the Sun,
In Beds of Adamant to Light unknown,
Which no prolific Rays did ever pierce,
Since the Foundation of the Univerſe.
I ſearch the Depths of hidden Myſteries,
And ſhow the various Changes of the Skies.
I warn the watchful Shepherds of the Plain
To guard their Flocks from Storms of Snow or Rain.
I ſhow when *Boreas* thunders in the North,
And *Æolus* his Den of Winds lets forth.
I teach the Seedſman when to plough and ſow,
And point the Seaſons when to reap and mow.
When I am cruſh'd, t'a thouſand Globes I run,
As ſmall as dancing Atoms in the Sun;
Each floating Particle like rolling Sand
Trills back again, and joins at my Command.
So hiſſing Snakes their young ones rally home,
Who to their Mother's Bowels quickly come;
When cut in two the ſever'd Parts conjoin,
And by a Plaſtic Touch unite again.

Thro'

Thro' ſundry Tranſmutations I am toſs'd,
And in Variety of Changes loſt.
Sometimes I'm liquid Fire, then ſoon become
A Lump of Lead, a *Caput Mortuum*.
Tho' the *Alchymiſt* diſſolves my ſhatter'd Frame
Into a thouſand Shapes, I'm ſtill the ſame.

RIDDLE XIX.

MY *Form* is beauteous to allure the Sight,
My *Habit* gay, of Colour *Gold* and *White*.
Moſt nicely ſhap'd, tho' of Proportion ſmall,
Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.
When *Sylvia* takes the Air it is my Pride
To walk with equal Paces by her Side.
Sitting, her ſilken Lap becomes my Neſt,
And ſleeping, I in her Apartment reſt;
I near her Perſon conſtantly remain,
A favourite *Slave*, bound in a *golden Chain*.
And oh! how bleſt wou'd *Sylvia*'s Lover be
Cou'd he exchange Eſtates with humble me!
Yet I without Delight can near her ſtand,
Nor feel the charming Touches of her Hand.
And when ſhe caſts on me auſpicious Rays,
Blind and inſenſible of ev'ry Grace,
I view no Feature of her lovely Face.

Some

Some hold that Birds and Quadrupeds, tho' ſeen
To walk and fly, yet move but by Machine;
That all Things but the human Kind they'll prove
Not by Inſtinct, but hidden Engines move.
Tho' empty Speculations theſe, they'll be
Demonſtrative, whene'er they're ſpoke of me;
For tho' I can both *ſpeak* and go *alone*,
Yet are my *Motions* to *myſelf unknown*.

RIDDLE XX.

SILENCE ye *Tories*, lofty *Whigs* attend,
Each fair Ænigmatiſt Aſſiſtance lend;
Whilſt I a Tyrant's wondrous Deeds remark,
In Metaphors obſcure, Alluſions dark.
The Learn'd his Title variouſly explain'd,
Some held *de Facto* others *Jure* gain'd;
But all agree ſome Hundred Years he's reign'd.
Whom Plots nor Poyſons, fatal to the Great,
Nor all the ſecret Engineers of State,
Nor can pretending Rivals extirpate.
Invaſions foreign, dauntleſs has withſtood,
Enamel'd o'er with Wounds, and painted gay with Blood:
Contending Parties, vain Supports he calls,
To his Rage Victims undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
Jews, *Turks*, reform'd *Jacks*, *Preſbyters*, and all.

To

To make his Birth ſurprizing to Mankind,
A merry God and wanton Goddeſs join'd.
But he, degen'rate Wretch, in Fetters binds,
Or Male, or Female, to no Sex confin'd.
All Ties of Gratitude and Friendſhip ſcorns,
And for good Uſage, ever ill returns.
The Rich and Eaſy his Reſentment feel,
Whilſt rugged Swains laugh at the threatned Wheel.
Pleas'd with his Frowns all paſſively ſubmit,
Nor their Allegiance, Love, or Friendſhip quit,
For he not many Subjects dooms to die,
But rather Life prolongs in Miſery.
Thus thoſe unhappy Slaves that Gallies row,
And nought but Pain and Stripes and Sorrows know,
Drudge on, and chearfully endure the Chains,
Whilſt Life and pleaſing Hope of Liberty remains.

RIDDLE XXI.

WHEN the warm Sun withdraws its genial Rays,
And longer Nights ſucceed declining Days:
I to my Winter's Bed with haſte repair,
Shunning th'Inclemencies o'th'frozen Air.
Within the Hollow of a Rock immur'd,
From all th'Attacks of Northern Blaſts ſecur'd;
In pleaſing Sleep I paſs whole Months away,
Nor ſee the ſetting Sun nor riſing Day;

No

No Thirſt diſturbs me in my long Retreat,
Nor keener Hunger dictates when to eat.
Whilſt in the Fetters of long Sleep I'm bound,
My lazy Blood ne'er circulates around,
No Spirits take their Flight thro' ev'ry Pore,
Inanimate I lie and am no more,
'Till *Phœbus* does with active Heat return,
And calls me from my ſolitary Urn;
To intimate the blooming Spring is near,
And introduce the Verdure of the Year.
When, near ſome ſtately Seat I fix my Stay,
And ſport and ſing the merry Hours away.
The ſage Philoſopher who all Things knows
Shall tell my Story and my Name diſcloſe.

RIDDLE XXII.

MOST lovely ſituate on a riſing Ground,
A pleaſant City ſtands whoſe Walls are round,
Built for a Fence againſt both Foes and Cold;
With but one entring Port, like *Troy* of old:
Within ſuch curious Streets and Houſes are,
So uniformly built, and regular,
As might with Wonder and Amazement ſtrike
The beſt of Architects to do the like.

Their

Their Government's a glorious Monarchy,
Where all the Subjects free Allegiance pay.
Whether from royal Anceſtors their Prince
Derives his Tokens of Preheminence;
Or whether from his noble Stature, he
Like goodly *Saul*, gains Superiority;
His Perſon's ſuch as ſpeaks him born to rule,
And all obey his Laws without Controul.
Here all the Citizens well armed are,
And yet they ſeem more prone to Work than War.
Tho' as we find in *Nehemiah's* Days,
Thoſe zealous *Jews*, who did the Temple raiſe,
Wore Weapons at their Work; ſo muſt they here,
Or elſe be exil'd, as the Slothful are.
Their ſprightly Youth are very often found
To ſally out, and ſtorm the ſpacious Round:
With ſuch tumultuous Noiſe they fill the Skies,
As ſets th'adjacent Dwellers in Surprize:
Who, finding that they can't by Force ſubdue
This Inſurrection, have Recourſe unto
Perſuaſive Stratagems, and forthwith beat
A Parley; and of Peace reſolve to treat;
Nay gladly yield to this Capitulation,
To grant new Cities for their Habitation.
But mark th'Inconſtancy of ev'ry State!
For this, like others, muſt ſubmit to Fate,
And that a diſmal one; much like what we
Of *Sodom* read in ſacred Hiſtory:

Oh!

Oh! ſad Cataſtrophe! in Flames of Fire,
And ſulphurous Smoke, they all at once expire,
But as from pious Souls, ſo here we find
They ſweet Memorials leave, in all their Works behind.

RIDDLE XXIII.

SAY who I am, bright Nymphs, for ſurely you,
Or none, can prove ſuch Paradoxes true,
As in the ſubſequent Diſcourſe you'll find,
No Mortal is more conſtant to his Friend
Than I; and yet on t'other Hand, 'tis ſtrange,
There's none more wav'ring, or more apt to range.
All known Parts of the World I travel o'er,
Tho' a Recluſe and ne'er ſtir out of Door.
By Sea and Land to ev'ry Coaſt I come,
Tho', like the Quack, I travel much at home.
To ſtand on Picket, which the Soldiers dread,
Enlivens me, who otherwiſe am dead.
Hanging's the laſt Courſe does to ſome befall;
But I unhung, can ſhape no Courſe at all;
Yet ſoon as hung, I ſcamper to and fro,
Looking out ſharp quite round me as I go,
Although I have no Eyes; nor can I reſt,
Till I the Object find I fancy beſt,

Whom I reſpect ſtill with my nobleſt Part,
Although he is but of a ſtony Heart.
I am remarkable for Conſtancy,
Yet fickle Mortals learn to rove from me.
Without Doors, I in Houſes am confin'd;
And tho' I am myſelf opaque and blind,
I ſo enlighten others that they know
By me, tho' ſenſeleſs, where they ought to go.
Thus I by flat Abſurdities made clear,
Shall, tho' conceal'd, to the Fair Sex appear.

RIDDLE XXIV.

IN vain we ſtretch our Thoughts to find
Subjects to puzzle human Kind;
When common Objects ſeem to me
Ænigmas paſt Diſcovery.
Within my Body ſmall as 'tis,
Lurks many curious Myſteries;
Few can my genial Atoms trace,
Or how I propagate my Race;
Tho' num'rous Beings owe to me,
Themſelves and their Poſterity.
Of diff'rent Size and Colour too,
Cameleon like of ev'ry Hue,
Brown, Speckled, Yellow, Black or Blue.

What's

What's yet more ſtrange, can make't appear,
I ramble almoſt ev'ry where;
On Earth, in Air, at random play,
And o'er the boundleſs *Ocean* ſtray.
Of old a valuable Gueſt,
Set uppermoſt at ev'ry Feaſt.
From whence a Proverb I became,
For ever ſhall preſerve my Name.
Some ancient learned *Myſtæ* tell
I repreſent the World ſo well,
No livelier Symbol can be ſhown,
Of its Duration, than my own.
Within my Body central Heat
Is fix'd, my Ruin to compleat,
With diff'rent Strata cover'd o'er,
Which muſt in Time the whole devour.
So at the laſt tremendous Day,
When ſickening Nature ſhall decay,
When boiling Seas inflam'd ſhall roar,
And Streams of Sulphur ſcorch the Shore;
Volcano's rend the Hills in twain,
Convulſions heave the tott'ring Plain,
The found'ring Earth from her Foundation's tore,
Abſorpt in her own Womb ſhall be no more.

RIDLLE XXV.

MY Head is well furniſh'd without you will own,
But to tell you the Truth, for Brains I have none:
Yet like thoſe who're oblig'd to their Wits for their Bread,
What keeps my Teeth going does come from my Head:
My Throat is but narrow, yet wide are my Jaws,
I eat without chewing, my Teeth are like Claws;
As a Child that is fed by its Nurſe, I ne'er eat
But when I've another to chew me my Meat;
'Tis true, ſhe will taſte when ſhe feeds me—ſo let her,
For the oft'ner ſhe does ſo, it goes down the better.
Sorry Muſick I make, yet a Flute or a Fiddle,
Does not turn to Account ſo much as this Riddle.

RIDDLE XXVI.

LET *Mandevil* and *Gulliver* no more
Impoſe on us, as they've done before,
With Pigmies and a *Lilliputian* Race,
Where not a Line of Truth can any trace.
I here deſcribe a Stranger Race than they,
Which Beings have produc'd the nobler Way.

At

At Parents Will, their Offſpring's great or ſmall,
Some near two Feet, ſome ſcarce two Inches tall.
An *Embrio*, or *Fœtus* ſome remain;
Others when dead, do riſe to Life again.
Some longer live than old *Methuſelah*;
Others like Farts, juſt ſqueak and die away.
Their final Exit ſomething ſtrange may ſeem,
Men die of Sickneſs, theſe of Diſeſteem.
But thoſe of greater Worth do leaſt decline,
As Years advance, they with more Splendor ſhine:
Some are in Arts and Sciences profound,
Others in Languages do moſt abound,
And Multitudes nothing but empty Sound.
Some prove their old Deſcent from *Greece* and *Rome*,
Some tell of Things paſt, preſent and to come.
They ſeldom fight, but oft make uſe of Words,
And hot Diſputes are ended without Swords.
The major Part in Skins of Beaſts are dreſs'd,
Some plain, ſome colour'd, others richly lac'd.
And ſome like Seamen in blue Shirts appear;
Others, like *Indians*, Party Colours wear.
Their Politicians oft *ſtark-naked* are,
And with the Strolers have a common Fare;
Their Claſs of Lawyers have a whiter Dreſs,
Who all their Skill without a Fee confeſs.
Stop here, raſh Pen, diffuſe no more thy Ink,
Thou haſt not left the *Reader* Room to think.

RIDDLE XXVII.

THO' an odd Kind of Fowl; when you hit on my Name,
I am ſure you will own me a Bird of the Game.
All my Wings are well poiz'd, which in Number are four,
Tho' a few of my Brethren are furniſh'd with more.
They're white as a Swan's: But the Wonder's the greater,
That my Wings muſt be clipp'd, to make me fly better.
And it's ſtrange, ſince my Body ſo ſmall and ſo light is,
That the longer my Wings are, the ſlower my Flight is.
And to tell you the Truth (which muſt needs raiſe your Laughter)
My Body flies firſt, and draws my Wings after;
And it's eaſy to prove that I'm right in my Notion,
Since the heavier my Bulk is, the ſwifter my Motion:
Yet obſerve and you'll find, that my Wings when I riſe,
Are *before*; but I turn them behind in a Trice.
Tho' my Body's in Subſtance as ſmall as a Wren's,
Yet I toil and I ſpin for the Good of my Friends.

But when once my Skill fails me, I meet with hard Meaſure,
For I'm ſcorn'd, and rejected, and trampl'd at Pleaſure;
Tho', what cou'd their fierceſt Reſentments do more?
For they toſs'd me, and thump'd me, and box'd me before!
But it's ſtrange, as the Life of a Silkworm my Trade is,
That I am not, like that, more in Vogue with the Ladies;
Unleſs they ſuſpect us for common Deceivers,
'Cauſe, as *Spinſters*, we borrow our Name from the Weavers.

RIDDLE XXVIII.

OFFSPRING of an illuſt'rous Sire
A ſwarthy *Negro* I appear:
As ſoon as born I poſt away,
For People curſe me if I ſtay;
A more unwelcome Gueſt there's none;
Stout Men ſhed Tears unleſs I'm gone:
Why don't they kill me? Then you'll aſk,
No that's too difficult a Taſk.
But they, my Nature's Frailty knowing,
Leave me to work my Overthrowing.

Such

Such is my Conſtitution, I
(Like modern Libertines) ſoon die
By a full Swing of Liberty.
And Men are oft' at no ſmall Charge
To force me out to rove at large,
When once got clear, in wanton Pride,
I, (like the Beggar mounted) ride,
And vary Shapes as *Proteus* did;
Yet can I in no Form lie hid;
My duſky Hue, which ne'er does change,
Betrays me whereſoe'er I range,
E'en till my Death; which ſoon draws nigh,
For, to ſpeak Truth, th'*Ephem'ron* Fly
Reigns in his Sphere as long as I.
But in our Fates this Diff'rence lies,
He falls to th'Earth, I mount the Skies.

RIDDLE XXIX.

TWIN-BORN into the World I come,
Tho' not apparent from the Womb.
I moſtly am produc'd in Pairs,
Which Male as well as Female bears.
I firſt of all defend my Parents
From noiſy Mobs, and their Adherents.
And tho' I boldly fight and wound,
I'm deſtitute of Voice and Sound.

Oft,

Oft, as my Parents I ſurvive,
I wond'rous Uſe from Art derive:
I then am plainly heard from far,
Loud as an Inſtrument of War.
And oft I'm in the public Station
Of general Negotiation:
By me all Matters circulate
Of City, Country, Church and State.
I in my Travels bear great Sway,
Scarce any dare obſtruct my Way.
To my Perſuaſion Numbers yield,
And at my Summons take the Field;
Where chear'd by me they beſt ſuſtain
The Toils and Dangers of the Plain:
This done I ſilent Service give,
And Troops fatigu'd thro' me revive,
When I Refreſhment kind impart,
And with long Draughts regale the Heart.
When ſinking *Phœbus* yields to Night,
And Stars diffuſe their feeble Light,
I then tranſmit a borrow'd Ray,
And kindle Darkneſs into Day.
All I ſhall add is, Ladies, ye
Contribute to the making me.

RIDDLE XXX.

BECAUSE I am by Nature blind,
I wiſely chuſe to walk behind;
However, to avoid Diſgrace,
I let no Creature ſee my Face.
My Words are few, but ſpoke with Senſe:
And yet my ſpeaking gives Offence:
Or, if to whiſper I preſume,
The Company will fly the Room.
By all the World I am oppreſt,
And my Oppreſſion gives them Reſt.
Through me, tho' ſore againſt my Will,
Inſtructors ev'ry Art inſtill.
By Thouſands I am ſold and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a Groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me greateſt Pain.
Shall Man preſume to be my Maſter,
Who's but my Caterer and Taſter?
Yet though I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer Depender ſtill:
An humble Hanger-on at beſt;
Of whom all People make a Jeſt.
In me, Detractors ſeek to find
Two Vices of a diff'rent Kind:

I'm

I'm too profuſe, ſome Cenſ'rers cry,
And all I get, I let it fly:
While others give me many a Curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my Purſe.
But this I know, in either Caſe
They dare not charge me to my Face.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I ſave,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But when the Year is at an End,
Computing what I get and ſpend,
My Goings out, and Comings in,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me, ſay
I juſtly keep the middle Way.
I'm always by my Betters led;
I laſt get up, and firſt a-bed;
Though, if I riſe before my Time,
The Learn'd in Sciences ſublime,
Conſult the Stars, and thence foretell
Good Luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

RIDDLE XXXI.

IN foreign Countries from the fruitful Earth,
By ſome auſpicious Hand I firſt took Birth,
Since which I've travell'd round the ſpacious Sphere,
And by a Knight was nat'ralized here.

With

With ev'ry Peaſant now familiar grown,
And much eſteem'd in Country and in Town.
With wond'rous Eaſe I in my tender Youth,
Receive the Bent of Error, or of Truth;
'Twas then that I went thro' as hot a Coaſt,
As any the Terraqueous Globe can boaſt.
The ſcorching Clime wrought ſtrange Effects on me;
And made me whiter by a great Degree?
Stateſmen, when dark Debates o'erſpread the Court,
To me, their ſure Aſylum ſtraight reſort,
And by my Aid diſpatch in Half an Hour,
What puzzled all the Houſe for Twenty-four.
The Poet owns my Worth, implores my Aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the gingling Trade,
Thro' me inſpiring Emanations flow,
That make his Numbers ſoft as falling Snow.
Thoſe noble Virtues which through me accrue,
Virgil and mighty *Homer* never knew.
With me pragmatick Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of Peace and War, when greater Stateſmen fail.
The Patriot, Lawyer, Chimney-ſweeper, Gown,
Merchant and Porter will my Service own.
I'm juſtly valu'd for my doing Good,
The Poor and Hungry I ſupply with Food;
And oft Relief to Men when ill,
Sometimes beyond the ableſt Doctor's Pill.
My Conſtitution is but weak, tho' ſound,
But, by kind Uſage will be laſting found.

I, Lady-like, can ſhow a beauteous Skin,
Yet Flatterer-like not always ſo within.
By Ladies always treated with a Slight,
Since I'm no Friend to Love or ſoft Delight.

RIDDLE XXXII.

IN vain have Men their utmoſt Art employ'd,
And all their ſubtle Stratagems eſſay'd;
Vain are the ſtudy'd Efforts of their Skill,
Which various Shelves of learned Volumes fill,
To chaſe me hence; I ſhall maintain my Sway,
Long as bright Sol illuminates the Day.
In ev'ry Quarter of the Globe I reign,
And potent Realms in mazy Fetters chain.
The Cauſe of *Rome* I mightily ſupport,
And fix the Grandeur of the Papal Court:
Nor am I undiſtinguiſh'd for the ſame;
For they with Honour dignify my Name.
In gloomy Darkneſs I have ever dwelt,
More palpable than that which *Egypt* felt.
I nat'rally abhor the Face of Light,
For that infallibly deſtroys me quite.
And yet in open Day I oft appear,
With brazen Front quite unappall'd with Fear.

RIDDLE XXXIII.

READER it is my Fate to be
A Slave to one who wears my Livery,
A Perſon of vile Character; in brief,
A noted Sabbath-breaker and a Thief.
In ſawcy Manner he has often ſaid,
He once did entertain a crowned Head.
No Wonder then, you hear him oft complain,
Whilſt I'm at Work the Raſcal to maintain.
He takes his Pleaſures and he lolls at Eaſe,
But takes due Care my Labour ſhall not ceaſe;
With endleſs Taſks he keeps me ſtill employ'd,
As if my Strength could never be deſtroy'd.
But conſtant Toil Diſorders inward breed,
And wears my Conſtitution out with Speed;
My Bowels (ſure Prognoſtick of Decay!)
With Wind or Water rumble Night and Day:
My Thirſt is ſometimes ſo intenſe, that I,
(You'd almoſt ſwear) wou'd drink a River dry.
And what is more remarkable, is this,
As often as I drink, ſo oft I piſs.
And tho' I make large Meals, I'm never ſick
At Stomach, my Diſcharges are ſo quick.
Then what is my Diſeaſe, perhaps you'll query,
A Diabetes, or a Lienbery?

Alas!

Alas! too ſure, 'tis both in Complication;
My Drink runs thro' me without Alteration.
And what I eat it does me little good,
For why?—My Excrements are perfect Food.
And therefore 'tis become a common Rule,
To watch me well whene'er I go to Stool.

RIDDLE XXXIV.

TO be dreſt in the Faſhion, our Taylor muſt join
The Emblems of *York* and the *Lancaſter* Line.
From our Titles, dear Ladies, you will judge of our Worth,
As you like our Deſcent, and the Place of our Birth.
But you needs muſt indulge us the Honours we claim,
From the Scarlet we wear in his Majeſty's Name.
While we ſtand Rank and File, ſtout, gallant, and gay,
Like tall Grenadeers, in Battle Array;
With our Helmets, as bright as the Heroes that ſhine,
On the Banks of the *Sare*, the *Moſelle* and the *Rhine*.
Not the *Britiſh* Dragoons nor the Hectors of *France*,
Nor the Troops of the *Dutch*, in ſuch Order advance.

Tho' to own the plain Truth, we are Sharpers confeſt,
And a Race but of brazen-fac'd Upſtarts at beſt,
Yet engag'd in your Cauſe, on Punctilioes we ſtand,
As much as the haughtieſt Lord in the Land.
When arreſted, we're dragg'd by the Head to our Duty,
And are doom'd to be Slaves to the Charms of a Beauty.
We act as Truſtees in Behalf of the Fair,
Their Cambricks, and Silks, and Brocades are our Care.
And, Ladies, ſo earneſt our Zeal for our Truſt is
That we hazard our Necks in doing you Juſtice:
For you ſeldom complain of your Hopes diſappointed,
'Till our Heads are lopt off, or our Bodies diſjointed.
At your Glaſs and your Toilet we wait on you ſtill,
At the Church, Park and Play-houſe, Tea, Dice, and Quadrille.
We reſt on your Lap, and we lean on your Arm,
We recline on your Boſom, and on your Head ſwarm.
If we chance to diſpleaſe you, we miſs of our Aim;
For it is not our Fault, but yourſelves are to blame:

To

To be plainer, and make all your Trouble amends,
We were, Ladies, this Morning at your fair Fingers Ends,
And (perhaps) kiſs'd your Lips too — to ſhew we're your Friends.

RIDDLE XXXV.

HEAR, whilſt you can, the poor Man's Orator,
Which often pleads, but never ſpoke before.
From Everlaſting I my Lineage trace,
Prior to Time, and unconfin'd to Place:
Before the Morning Stars, the Sons of God,
Hail'd Infant Nature with a Birth-day Ode,
I, like ſome indolent majeſtic Drone,
In ſullen Pomp ſat nodding on my Throne;
Serene and calm was my unactive Reign,
Exempt from War, and all its clam'rous Train.
At length, th'extenſive Empire I poſſeſt,
Attack'd by pow'rful Enemies, decreas'd.
A wild unruly Cur, my mortal Foe,
With open Mouth proclaim'd my Overthrow:
In this Rebellion join'd the brutal Herd;
And all the ſtrifeful Elements concurr'd:
And now, the Poet, Lawyer, and Divine,
Againſt me riſe, and all their Force combine,

Inſpir'd by Joy or Grief, or Fear or Rage,
A motley Hoſt! promiſcuouſly engage:
Fierce *Amazons* ſtand foremoſt in the Throng;
None ſo couragious, none hold out ſo long.
By Numbers thus o'erpower'd, I vanquiſh'd ſeem
But ſoon the Honour of the Day redeem:
All tir'd with fighting, yield at length to me,
And to me, as their ſafe Aſylum, flee;
Under my brooding Wings ſecurely ſit,
'Till waken'd by the next rebellious Fit.
When ſcar'd by claſhing Swords and thund'ring Fire,
I, from the Fields, to lonely Groves retire;
There ſooth the fond forſaken Lover's Pain,
Who ſighs to me, and courts my gentle Reign.
To me th'exhauſted Orator ſubmits;
Guarded by me ev'n Blockheads vie with Wits:
In me dull Senators their Ends obtain,
When Reaſon flags, and Arguments are vain.
Villains in me of Virtue ſeem to boaſt.
Paſt Crimes and Services in me are loſt.
By me the Fool deceives the Learn'd and Wiſe,
In Deathleſs me, all ſhort-liv'd Folly dies.

RID-

RIDDLE XXXVI.

YE Females polite, who in Riddles delight,
Your Regard and Attention I crave;
From my own native Clime, I'm exil'd for no Crime,
And by Infidels sold as a Slave.
Like your Sex I am frail, yet to give a Detail
Of my Virtues and Uses were endless;
I assist two kind Brothers, among many others,
Who without my Protection were friendless.
By Youth I'm despis'd, by the Aged I'm priz'd,
Yet befriend both the Young and the Old;
As in *Spain* they well know, and they publickly show,
That they value me next to their Gold.
Like a careful Physician, whose Patient's Condition
Requires his Assistance with Speed;
So I ride to relieve you, yet always deceive you,
When you most of my Help stand in Need.
But if I should straddle too wide on my Saddle,
I hazard the being dismounted;
And if hurt by my Fall, tho' the Wound be but small,
I am afterwards worthless accounted.
When exalted most, I'm more firm to my Post;
Then say not that I am ungrateful;
I am faithful and just, and true to my Trust,
Yet at the same Time am deceitful.

Tho'

Tho' I kindle that Fire, which doth Friendſhip inſpire,
And doth oft Converſation improve;
The amorous Wight doth my Services ſlight,
As a Foe both to Beauty and Love.
In Pulpit and Pew, I appear in your View,
With Gravity ſuiting the Place;
To Parliament too with's Lordſhip I go,
And trip it to Court with his Grace.
As all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind thus I pleaſe,
You ſure muſt have heard of my Fame;
Then Fair Ones Adieu; I leave it to you
To tell, if you can, what's my Name.

RIDDLE XXXVII.

MY Head and Tail are of one Size and Form;
And, if by Chance, that, ſhatter'd in a Storm,
My Skull ſhou'd ſuffer, my officious Bum,
To higher Orbs advanc'd, ſupplies its Room.
Round is my Shape, my Bulk as broad as long;
Firm is my Baſis, and my Nerves are ſtrong:
Sound are my Lungs, my Voice is heard from far,
Quick is my Pulſe, my Mouth is ope'd for Air,
That's like a burning Fever in the Blood;
Yet this, Camelion-like, is all my Food.

With

With double Breaſt and Buttons round my Waiſt,
With Hoops, and Loops, and Stays, and Laces grac'd:
Nor muſt my Bridle be forgot, in Faſhion
Amongſt the Ladies of our *Britiſh* Nation.
The Colours, Titles, and the Arms I bear,
Blazon my Fame, and ſpeak my Character;
Ten thouſand Vaſſals at my Levee ſtand,
Come when I call, and move at my Command.
By me inſpir'd, Men keep or break the Peace,
I fire their Rage, and make their Fury ceaſe.
Myſelf obnoxious to a Tyrant's Will,
Who wreaks unpity'd Vengeance on me ſtill;
Racking my Limbs, he turns me o'er and o'er,
He lugs my Ears, and thumps me 'till I roar.
Hence dire Convulſions ſtrike thro' ev'ry Vein,
And make my Life a boiſt'rous Tempeſt ſeem:
Nor is it ſtrange thro' ſuch a Scene of Woe,
If, as I ſhrink and riſe to ev'ry Blow,
My rumbling Entrails ſympathize below.
At laſt like noble *Berwick* fam'd in Story,
My Head I forfeit for my Country's Glory.

RIDDLE XXXVIII.

WHILE I try to conceal what is ſo much in ſight,
You may think I am waſhing the *Ethiop* white;
But

But, perhaps, it may prove not ſo eaſy a Taſk
To diſcover my Being hid under a Maſk;
Yet, to help your Conjecture, e're further you go,
From what Kind of Parents I ſpring, you ſhall know.

They are lively and uſeful, and decently dreſt,
Are conſtant Companions, at Night, for the Beſt.
But their Lives are ſo ſhort,—from the Time they began
To their End—may be literally counted a Span.
They ſleep half the Time if they live out a Week,
And when they're awake are conſumptive & weak.
Still harder my Fate—from ſuch weak Parents born,
Tho' ſeen over Night, yet ſcarce ever next Morn;
So nice are my Organs, a ſtrong ſavour'd Breath,
Or a Stamp with the Foot, brings immediate Death;
And ſome of my Brethren, more tender than I,
In leſs than a Moment are born, live, and die.

Tho' ſo ſhort is our Time, not ſo trifling our Power,
We can many wild Notions produce in an Hour;
At our Preſence, unuſual Convulſions abound,
And Horror or Joy run alternately round.

MYRA flatter'd with Hope, is in Extaſy toſs'd,
CHLOE frozen with Fear, is inſenſibly loſt;
STELLA ſmiles—While ALEXIS, to comfort his Dear,
Endeavours to prove there is no Danger near.

'Tis

'Tis only in Women we raiſe a Surprize;
For the Men, they will tell you, our Oracle lies.

RIDDLE XXXIX.

IN *May*, the pleaſant'ſt Month in all the Year,
When Birds in tuneful Conſort firſt appear,
And beauteous Proſpects tell that Summer's near;
When Meadows are in blooming Verdure ſeen,
The Trees and Hedges newly cloath'd in Green;
When Nature's Pride, adorns th'enamel'd Fields,
Which to th'induſtrious Bee a Harveſt yields,
Then are the beauteous Nymphs and chearful Swains,
With rural Sports rejoycing o'er the Plains.
Before the ripen'd Corn employs the Day,
Or the more pleaſant Harveſt of the Hay;
Their chief Diverſion is by me ſupply'd;
By Force they tear me from my Parents Side,
Then wound my tender Form with burning Steel,
And, like a Traitor, rack me on a Wheel.
'Tis I by various Ways maintain the Poor,
Supply the Rich, increaſe the Merchants Store,
Support the Deſtitute in Time of Need,
And cloath the Naked, and the Hungry feed,

Aſſiſt

Assist the Statesman, and the Priest defend;
Adorn the Beau, and on the Fair attend.
Inclin'd to ramble; tho', by the Law's Decree,
Confin'd at home with strict Severity;
In borrow'd Splendour I attend the Great,
With various Pomp on ev'ry Courtier wait;
For me the Lawyer pleads with artful Speech,
And active Soldiers tempt the dang'rous Breach;
The Poet writes for me no less than Fame;
And those will find me near, who guess my Name.

RIDDLE XL.

FROM me a single Birth my Race begins,
I've many Brothers and they all are Twins.
How small of Size, to tell you I am loath;
In short they all outstrip me much in Growth.
Both to the Sight and Touch our Shapes are fine,
Yet 'tis well known, we to one Side incline.
In Winter Quarters we together lie,
Lull'd in a State of Inactivity;
As if without premeditated Harm,
We only meant to keep each other warm.
But when the proper Season comes again,
We all draw out and open the Campaign;
On a fair verdant Plain extended far,
Two equal Squadrons try the Chance of War,

To lead them up both Parties pitch on me,
And ſtill I keep a ſtrict Neutrality.
Accordingly I ſhare a Neutral's Fate,
Whom none ſincerely love, or throughly hate;
Whom as their preſent Intereſts direct,
All treat with Favour, or with Diſreſpect.
Such various Hap by Turns I undergo,
And find each Warrior both my Friend and Foe.
He who my Perſon from Affronts does ſkreen,
With kind Aſſiſtance now ſteps in between,
As Cauſes alter, and his Wrath provoke,
Aims at my Breaſt a ſtrong and deſp'rate Stroke;
Tho' to confeſs the Truth, and do him Right,
He thus proceeds from Honour, not from Spight;
Jealous to ſee ſome Rival cloſe by me,
Maintain a Poſt, where he himſelf wou'd be.
Fortune unbiaſs'd for a Seaſon ſtands,
Conſtant to none, but often changing Hands.
The ſcatter'd Forces rally all anew,
And with unwearied Toil the Fight purſue.
Thrice three Engagements oftentimes are known,
E're either Side cou'd call the Day their own;
Then all to a deciſive End is brought,
And loud Huzza's proclaim the Vict'ry got.

RIDDLE XLI.

FROM what firſt Artiſt I my Being claim,
Authors are ſilent, Records don't explain;
Yet as to Neatneſs, Uſefulneſs and Dreſs,
My Worth the frugal Dame muſt needs confeſs:
And as to Forms, my great Variety
The famous *Euclid*'s Sons can beſt deſcry;
Nor varies more my Shape, than does my Dreſs,
And oft my Cloaths my Pedigree expreſs.
In homely Cottages I oft appear,
In mean Array, but yet am welcome there;
But when to Ladies I my Viſits pay,
Like them I ſparkle, glitter and look gay,
As any Birth-Night Beau, or Flow'r in *May*.
To ſerve, to pleaſe, and to attend the Fair,
Is ſtill my ultimate, my only Care,
Yet ſuch my Treatment is, and ſuch my Fate,
When Nymphs and Swains their Nuptials celebrate,
When the fair bluſhing Bride is put to Bed,
I'm ſcorn'd, contemn'd, and dare not ſhew my Head.
But when the Chat of Dad's own Noſe goes round,
There's none more uſeful, none more welcome found;

Nay,

Nay, *Zachary*-like, though dumb (who wou'd
ſuppoſe it?)
I tell the Infant's Name, before the Parſon
knows it.
But ah! ye cruel, ye ungrateful Fair!
My Wrongs are ſuch, Complaint I can't forbear:
I, who your Creature am, your Friend, your Slave,
In whom ſo many Benefits you have;
For whoſe Supply alone (deny't who can?)
You oft enjoy ſome hundred Pounds *per Ann*;
Yet thro' my Bowels ſtabb'd with many a Wound
From your ſoft Hands, I oft am proſtrate found:
Nay more, (believe me for I cannot lie,)
Hanging is ſometimes too my Deſtiny.

RIDDLE XLII.

TO aid your Conception in every Degree,
Concerning ſo ſhapeleſs a Creature as me,
I'll tell you my Birth without any deceiving,
My ſtrong Conſtitution and Manner of Living.
To procure the Ingredients my Structure demands,
They oft have Recourſe unto Foreigners Lands;
To havock the Ocean, and murder at Sea,
To purchaſe a Part of what conſtitutes me.
In artful Incloſure, a Skin on each Side,
Oh! grand Impoſition! all Favours deny'd,

My ſtouteſt Aſſiſtant is barr'd from the Light,
In fatal Obſcurement conceal'd from the Sight.
My Body compounded and work'd into Shape,
Or at leaſt to a Poſture no Monkey can ape;
So enormous a Monſter as now I appear,
Devoid of an Head, and without any Ear;
So artfully form'd, and produc'd into Birth,
The like, before, never appear'd upon Earth.
I'm grac'd with as crooked and aukward a Snout,
(Tho' not quite ſo long and ſo ſpacious, I doubt)
As much like a Swine's as one Pea to another;
And, if I had Noſtrils, I'd call him my Brother.
My Legs, I can venture to ſay within Bound
Are twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er touch the Ground.
And grant me the Favour to raiſe your Surprize,
In relating my wonderful Number of Eyes;
If narrowly ſearch'd, more than thirty you'll find;
And, ſtrange to be told, they all center behind:
The Food that my kind Benefactor beſtows,
I receive at my Eyes, as my Patron knows.
The Proviſion I take never hinders my Sight,
I receive it at Noon, and diſcharge it at Night.
Yet, tho' ſuch a wonderful Form I ſuſtain,
So lumpiſh a Monſter devoid of a Brain;
With the Ladies, I bear an unlimitted Sway,
And always accompliſh my Labour by Day:
And then, like the reſt of the World, I delight
To take my Repoſe in the Gloom of the Night.

My

My deſtin'd Employment I never reſume,
'Till *Sol* has diſperſed from *Æther* the Gloom
Then quick to the Centre of Gravity move,
The Centre of Joy, and the Centre of Love.
No Swain but wou'd count my Employment an Honour,
No Lady wou'd bluſh to confine me upon her.

RIDDLE XLIII.

WHEN the whole Univerſe lay ſelf-confin'd,
And Worlds on Worlds were in one *Chaos* join'd;
E'er Nature's Embrio ripen'd into Birth,
Or Motion was imparted to the Earth;
Before the Planetary Dance begun,
Or peopl'd Stars revolv'd about their Sun;
I Being had:—And Purity like mine
May boaſt of its Original Divine;
And as its Birthright claim the Complement
Of thoſe who ſtile me—*the moſt excellent.*
Th'Omnipotent, who ſits enthron'd on high,
In all the State of awful Majeſty,
Has ſo far honour'd me, that I am one
Of thoſe pure Beings, which attend his Throne.
Nor is my Reſidence to Heaven confin'd,
I'm preſent with, and uſeful to Mankind;

By whom I'm highly priz'd, ſince 'tis to me
They owe (at leaſt) their chief Felicity.
With an incredible Celerity,
From Heav'n to Earth I in a Trice can fly;
From whence returning, can again as ſoon
Extend my Flight beyond the Silver Moon.
And in few Minutes lengthen out my Race
Thro' the vaſt Regions of unbounded Space.
Tho' I have conſtantly been felt and ſeen,
My Nature ever hath myſterious been,
'Till a Philoſopher of Worth and Fame
Anatomiz'd me, and diſcern'd my Frame.
A Company of fond conceited Elves
Wou'd fain engroſs me wholly to themſelves;
How vainly, let th'Obſerver judge, who ſees
To what a Height I *Flora*'s Charms increaſe.
Ye beauteous Fair, who do that Jewel prize,
Which with Artillery furniſhes your Eyes,
Peruſe the Riddle, and beyond all doubt,
Before you've read it twice, you'll find me out.

RIDDLE XLIV.

REvere the Sage, whoſe Genius far renown'd,
A wond'rous Dome did raiſe, a Fabrick ſound!
Due Praiſe to *Shenkin*, *Britain* ever gives,
Who, as Inventor, by th' Invention lives:

Long

Long may he live, whoſe Memory (we find)
In Verſe immortal ſhines, and ſtands refin'd.
Reader vouchſafe to lend an Ear awhile,
And take a View " of the ſtupendous Pile:
" In Form quadrangular two Planks are laid,
" One founds the Baſis, and one crowns the Head;
" The Sides with Bolts and Bars ſupported round,
" On which ſtrong Columns ſtand, erect and ſound;
" An Entry does inſidiouſly enſnare,
" With hoſpitable Look, the Felon near;
" But from above depends a threat'ning Board,
" Hung by a Twine, like *Demecles*'s Sword.
High on the Surface of this Fabrick ſtands
" A Pole, on whoſe notch'd Head a Beam expands
" Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,
" One End moves upwards by the other's Fall.
Within this Dome a ſlender Thread depends,
Which from a Window down above deſcends;
" Which pendulouſly wantons here and there,
" And at the ſlighteſt Touch plays looſe in Air.
The lower Part, or Cell, with wily Bait
Is fill'd, like Store-houſe, full of luſcious Meat;
" The upper Part does treacherouſly ſeem
" To bite with deadly Teeth th' extreameſt Beam.
No ſooner enters in the Villain Foe,
But inſtantly ſhe lets the Portal go!
There, without Bail, Compaſſion, or Relief,
Too late for Succour calls the dying Thief!

In

In mournful Plight he's ſwallow'd unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's Cares.
Thus, as you ſee, I've play'd the Builder's Part,
Deſcrib'd the Edifice by Rules of Art:
Obſerve the Plan, and then you will, no Doubt,
What's here in myſtic Lines conceal'd, find out.

RIDDLE XLV.

I'VE an Head pretty large, but, to tell you the Truth,
'Tis furniſh'd with neither Eyes, Noſe, or a Mouth;
But ſuch as it is, 'tis applied to another,
Who perhaps was my Father, or Siſter or Brother.
On my Head, like the Ladies, a Ribbon I wear,
Which by the Artificer's plaited with Care,
To make me look ſmart when abroad in the Air.
To heighten yet farther the Charms of my Face,
Some dreſs me in Silver, and others in Braſs.
To appear in moſt Colours I'm known to delight;
With the Grave I'm in Black, with the Beau I'm in White.
But when I am purchas'd by *Roger* the Clown,
'Tis Odds but I'm dreſs'd in a deep Ruſſet-brown.
The King and the Peaſant do equally ſhare
My friendly Aſſiſtance, and ſo do the Fair:

Thro'

Thro' lonely By-ways I often do guide them,
And ſafely conduct, that no Harm may betide 'em.
If at *Windſor* the King does unharbour the Deer,
Then I cloſe by his Majeſty's Perſon appear,
And am ſeen Cheek by Jole in the hotteſt Career:
In his Equipage lately abroad I was ſent,
But I hope it was not with pacifick Intent;
Not to ſhine in my ſplendid Attire at Review,
Nor to make at the Head of his Troops a grand Shew;
But to lead his brave Soldiers to conquer his Foes,
Who've diſturb'd many Years *Britannia*'s Repoſe.
One Hint to the Ladies I can't but reveal;
I do them moſt Good when they've hold of my Tail.

RIDDLE XLVI.

I'M of all Kinds of Vice, both of Age and of Youth,
And of all Kinds of Virtue the Seat:
Wherever I'm preſent, ev'n Error is Truth;
When abſent, ev'n Truth is a Cheat.

To Knowledge indeed I've no Sort of Pretence,
Tho' 'tis me the Parſon applies to;
Or I boldly thruſt in to judge of his Senſe,
Or whether he Senſe can ariſe to.

Therſites,

Therſites, poſſeſs'd not of Courage or Love,
'Tis thought had but little of me:
Achilles's Actions ſufficiently prove
I was his in the higheſt Degree.

Sometimes I'm as mad as a March-Hare, or nigh,
Sometimes like a Dog that is dead;
Not Woman herſelf alters oft'ner than I,
I mean in the Dreſs of her Head.

In a Caſket environ'd with Abundance of Care,
From Harm you would think me ſecure;
At leaſt, that no very great Ill were my Share,
So long as the Shrine would endure.

Yet oft in a terrible Flame I'm involv'd,
When the Caſket can ſcarce be call'd warm;
As by Light'ning, they tell us, a Sword is diſſolv'd,
Yet the Scabbard ſhall ſuffer no Harm.

My Owner, who loves me almoſt as his Soul,
With the Fair-one yet ventures to leave me;
He loſes me quite, ſhe poſſeſſes me whole,
Tho' ſhe never, perhaps, did receive me.

But ſtill I my old Habitation retain,
Ev'n after I'm turn'd out of Doors,
And whilſt he is ſeeking to fetch me again;
Ladies, ſay what I am, and I'm yours.

RIDDLE XLVII.

I HAD a Being e're the World was made,
And am well fix'd; of ending not afraid:
I ſhall remain the ſame from Age to Age,
'Till the laſt dreadful Day ſhall clear the Stage.
I'm full Employ for all the Quality,
And am poſſeſt by thoſe of mean Degree,
Tho' they're aſham'd that they converſe with me.
In Children's Play I can their Breaſts inflame;
And oft' in me concludes the Stateſman's Aim:
With Kings and Beggars I alike am free,
And in their Cloſets bear them Company.
All I enjoy I freely give 'em gratis;
And yet of me, 'tis plain, are *nunquam ſatis*:
A famous *Engliſh* Wit ſaid, you might ſee,
The Virtues of ſeven Nations end in me.

RIDDLE XLVIII.

SINCE many ſtrive, in theſe ingenious Days,
To write on Subjects in myſterious Phraſe,
And to conceal the ſame, obſcurely get
Behind the Curtain of ambiguous Wit;

Let me, for once, the humorous Project try,
To veil a Truth in Ambiguity.
Before I was expos'd to Sight of Day,
Within the Bowels of a Beaſt I lay;
Thrice did the Etherial Lamp return
From the cold *Goat*, and thrice the *Crab-Fiſh* burn,
While I by ſmall Increaſe diſtend the Womb,
And Burthen to my Parent did become;
Yet ſtill my Parent cou'd not bring me forth,
'Till that his Death and Opening gave me Birth.
From hence a Change in State and Form I knew,
And, in my Shape, was altogether new;
Then quickly married to an *Indian* bred;
Nor can there be a truer Couple wed.
In near Embrace I to his Body clung,
Where'er he went, I ſtill upon him hung:
At length, tho' guilty of no lethal Crime,
We both were hung upon one Place and Time.
Nor was that thought ſufficient Puniſhment,
For ſoon we to a Fun'ral Pile were ſent;
Where we in Union cloſe together came,
And, without Pity, periſh'd in the Flame.

RIDDLE XLIX.

KINGS reign o'er Nations, I o'er Kings bear Rule,
Bred up in Nature's rough, unpoliſh'd School;

I always a tyrannic Sceptre ſway'd,
Yet in all Places, worſhipp'd and obey'd.
My Subjects know I'm of an ancient Race,
And that my Pow'r can make Men brave or baſe.
When Towns are ſack'd, and Kingdoms are un-
I lead the Armies of both Parties on: (done,
War's my Delight, the Moment I was form'd,
A War commenc'd, and high-born Pow'rs, I arm'd.
I liv'd before the *Ammonian* Victor drew
His conquering Sword, or Nations did ſubdue.
He, tho' by mighty *Ariſtotle* taught,
Without my Aid, the World had never got.
But as I ſome Men do to Glory raiſe,
So others likewiſe I as much debaſe.
I'm always buſy marching to and fro,
Dwelt once above the Clouds; but now below.
I viſit ev'ry Country, ev'ry Town,
And oft inviſibly paſs up and down.
I'm Parent of a num'rous Offſpring too;
But they're ſo ugly and ſo vile a Crew,
I ſhall not name them, but leave that to you.
I'll only add, my Devotees ſtill find,
I'm of a Temper rigid and unkind,
And make two thirds of all that ſerve me, blind:
And when for me they've Life and Fame,
My boaſted Favours vaniſh like a Dream.
Thus much, you ſee, I freely have confeſs'd;
And think, you now with Eaſe, may gueſs the reſt.

RIDDLE L.

WHAT is that Syren, whose enchanting Song
Draws the unthinking Multitude along?
That feeds, with faithless Hopes and luring Bait,
The poor deluded Wretch she means to cheat?
Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain;
Yet seek her Favours with unweary'd Pain.
Th'Unhappy bear her Frowns, still led away
With Expectation of a better Day.
Th'Ambitious court her Smiles; only the Wise
Do her and all her gilded Pomp despise,
Her fairy Kingdom, her fantastic Good;
Remote, alluring; Nothing, nearer view'd.

RIDDLE LI.

OBVIOUS to all, I sport on ev'ry Plain,
Tasteless of Joy, insensible of Pain;
My wond'rous Stature oftentimes is seen
To cover Lands, and reach from Green to Green;
All other Creatures from their Birth enlarge,
And grow till Nature's finished her Charge;
But I, 'tis strange, from my Conception waste,
Till Life's half done, and half my Days are past;

Then from my Noon, as others from their Morn,
I grow again untill I reach my Urn.
No Particles my wond'rous Form compoſe,
Yet 'tis from Subſtance that my Birth aroſe:
No Intellectuals can my Being own,
Yet do by Inſtinct move and go alone.
Amphibious is my Nature; oft I play,
And mock the ſporting Fiſhes in the Sea;
With op'ning Dogs the circling Chace renew,
Fly with the Hare, and with the Hounds purſue.
Yet *Sol* ne'er ſaw me in his bright Array,
Nor Silver *Luna* from her azure Way,
Tho' you behold me twenty times a Day.
From Light I fly, as from a deadly Foe,
Yet can the Darkneſs no Exiſtence ſhow.

RIDDLE LII.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
To vileſt Slaves I owe my Birth.
How is the greateſt Monarch bleſt,
When in my gaudy Liv'ry dreſt!
No haughty Nymph has Pow'r to run
From me; or my Embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame,
My Conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.

The fav'rite Meſſenger of *Jove*,
And *Lemnian* God conſulting ſtrove,
To make me glorious to the Sight
Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
Soon would their Altars Flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

RIDDLE LIII.

DRAW up the Curtain; let the Ladies ſee
A Sight well worth their Curioſity;
No Monſter fierce, no ſtrange outlandiſh Creature,
But yet a very Paradox in Nature.
Odd is my Shape; and firſt my Head appears
Without a Mouth, or Eyes, or Noſe, or Ears.
A Body you will own I never had,
Altho' with Cloaths I conſtantly am clad;
Both Sexes join in me, a wond'rous Sight!
You'd almoſt ſwear, I were *Hermophrodite*;
Had not the many Brats begat on me,
Proclaim'd unto the World the contrary.
Guard me, ye Maids! for Men will play the Fool;
And I'm, alas! a ſoft and eaſy Tool.
I can't ſay nay; and yet if I'm diſgrac'd,
The Crime is your's, for while you're pure, I'm chaſt;
But if (which Heav'n forbid) you prove with Child,
Then I am ſtain'd, polluted and defil'd.

Wed

Wed then, and to your Husbands constant be,
You'll then be honour'd, and you'll honour me.
And when you take for better and for worse,
The first great Blessing, and the first great Curse,
You'll find in me, (but ah, I speak too plain)
The sweetest Pleasure, and the greatest Pain.

RIDDLE LIV.

WITH so much Art my tender Parts are wrought,
That e'er my Frame was to Perfection brought,
I try'd the nicest Hand and deepest Thought.
But see what Fury reigns in human Breasts!
How soon by Men are virtuous Things oppress?
I'm soon confin'd within a narrow Space;
Where I have only Room to shew my Face:
There like a branded Villain must appear,
And large black Letters on my Visage wear.
A heavy Load my new form'd Limbs sustain,
And bear the girding Thong, or cruel Chain.
As sharpest Trials truest Virtue show,
By this Oppression I more useful grow.
To ease me of the Burthen I sustain,
I labour hard, nor shou'd I strive in vain,
But Men undo what I with Pains have done,
And make my Task like *Sisyphus*'s Stone.

But yet ſome ſignal Favours I enjoy:
My frequent Repetitions never cloy;
I twice a Day repeat the ſelf-ſame Thing,
Yet do, each Moment, freſh Advices bring;
Make, what you've heard a thouſand times, amuſe,
And ſtill the ſame dull Story goes for News.
Tho' hard I labour, yet my Hands move ſlow;
And tho' I never ſtir my Feet, I go.
Men, to my Reck'ning Things of Moment truſt;
And tho' I ne'er told twenty, I can boaſt
No Banker ever kept Accounts more juſt.
Of what they ſpend, I always give the Sum,
But never tell them how much more's to come.

RIDDLE LV.

THO' I, alas! a Priſ'ner be,
My Trade is, Priſ'ners to ſet free.
No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
With ſuch inſinuating Ways.
My Genius piercing, ſharp, and bright,
Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
The Clergy keep me for their Eaſe,
And turn and wind me as they pleaſe.
A new and wond'rous Art I ſhow
Of raiſing Spirits from below;

In

In Scarlet ſome, and ſome in White:
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright,
In at each Mouth the Spirits paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a Glaſs:
O'er Head and Body make a Rout,
And drive at laſt all Secrets out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my Art,
The more they open ev'ry Heart.

A greater Chymiſt none, than I,
Who from Materials hard and dry,
Have taught Men to extract with Skill,
More precious Juice than from a Still.

Altho' I'm often out of Caſe,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my Face.
Tho' at the Tables of the Great,
I near the Side-board take my Seat;
Yet, the plain Squire, when Dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the Hand.

I twice a Day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to ſeize my Foe;
And when I have him by the Pole,
I drag him upwards from his Hole.
Tho' ſome are of ſo ſtubborn Kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a Limb behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal End;
For, I can break, but ſcorn to bend.

RIDDLE LVI.

NOTHING was e'er ſo wretched ſure as me,
So much deſpis'd, yet of ſo high Degree!
My ancient great Beginning few can tell,
I did in Paradiſe with *Adam* dwell;
And bore him Company before he fell.
But ah! my ſtill to be lamented Caſe,
Oblig'd I was to quit that happy Place;
Baniſh'd by him I lov'd, and headlong hurl'd,
To ſeek my Fortune in a deſart World:
Where but with ſad Encouragement I met,
And now in *England* ſcarce Eſteem can get.
Born to defend, and to protect, yet I
(My Worth not known) am doom'd to Slavery.
Not but that, tho' eclips'd and hid from Light,
Yet ſtill I reign, and in myſelf am bright.
The virtuous Fair I richlier do adorn,
Than bright *Aurora* does the radiant Morn.
Nor is that all, the Charmer need not fear,
Th'Approach of Ill while I, her Guard, am near.
I've told you what my Pow'r and Worth can do,
But to declare my Name belongs to you.

RID-

RIDDLE LVII.

WHEN from prolifick Nature's Boſom roſe,
The various Beings which the whole compoſe,
I follow'd ſoon; a Bliſs each Being ſhares;
Prop of their Life, and Solace of their Cares.
So great's my Power, ſo wide m' imperial Sway,
That all Things breathing do my Power obey.
Depriv'd of me, Man's Life a Burden proves,
Nor can he ought enjoy of all he loves:
'Midſt Plenty's Store, and Grandeur's ample Field,
Invok'd to give the Eaſe they cannot yield;
And when my friendly Help I do deny,
The Mind is ſunk in Pain and deep Anxiety.
Some Acts I do you'd almoſt think a Joke;
Now fright, then pleaſe, and now to Love provoke.
Like a ſly Thief, who to his Plunder ſteals,
I've laid *Eugene* on his Back, and tripp'd up *Marlbro*'s Heels.
A while I ſilence *Mariamne*'s Song,
And ſtop the Muſick of *Utrecia*'s Tongue;
Bid *Blowza* ceaſe to charm: And have the lovely three
In pleaſing Chains faſt held, and ſweet Captivity.
Exert my Force o'er the whole rhyming Band,
And ſhake o'er *Grub-ſtreet* Bards my magick Wand.

The

The Muſes Chiefs no leſs for mine I claim,
And the ſame Tribute from the Sons of Fame.
In antient Times I *Homer* had at Will,
Bear the ſame Rule o'er *Young* and *Thompſon* ſtill.
And yet this Power deſpotick as I have,
Like that of Heaven, is only us'd to ſave.
Many th' rich Bleſſings from above deſign'd,
To ſuccour daily, and relieve Mankind.
My Comfort's ſuch, that Saints in me are bleſs'd,
And on my Lap emphatically reſt.

Ye Fair, whoſe every Grace I daily warm,
Each Feature gild, and brighten every Charm;
Try to reſolve what I with Art conceal,
And to the lift'ning Swains my Name reveal.

RIDDLE LVIII.

WAlking alone, and near th' Approach of Night,
Where verdant Beauties entertain'd my Sight,
And Clouds aloft with golden Edgings bound,
And Linnets fill'd the Woods with tuneful Sound;
A Monſter ſtrange did Fancy there preſent,
A brainleſs Tool, yet truly eloquent;
Yea, *Mercury* himſelf ſhe may defy
For Languages, in ſuch Variety.

At Church, at Maſs, at Courts, at Balls, at Plays,
This Emiſſary lurks to ſteal their Phraſe,
And what ſhe hears ſhe does relate always.
(Perhaps you'll think ſhe's deaf, but I aver,
She's got more Ears than Months i' th' Kalendar)
Yet condeſcending is this *Proteus*,
Where Cannons War ſhe's all magnanimous;
When ſweet *Lucinda* ſings, reviv'd is ſhe,
And joins the Conſort in a matchleſs Key;
When with the Learn'd, her Elocution flows
Soft as the Fleeces of deſcending Snows;
In Grief ſhe kindly bears an equal Share,
When with deep Sighs we mourn the abſent Fair.
But ah! baſe Jilt, ſometimes ſhe will depoſe
Uncertainties, of which ſhe nothing knows;
And, to be ſhort, if once you aggravate
She'll never leave, but ſtill ſuſtain Debate,
Not to be conquer'd by a *Billinſgate*;
Yet gives Conſent to all you ſay or do:
O! wond'rous ſtrange! but yet as really true.
She roves around the Globe with every Blaſt,
And paſt its Diſſolution ſhe will laſt.

RIDDLE LIX.

LONG Time I labour'd ('tis well known to all)
With what the Doctors an *Aſcites* call;

My

My bloated Belly ſwell'd to that Degree,
'Twas judg'd expedient that I tapp'd ſhould be.
And tho' no perfect Cure for my Diſeaſe,
This never fail'd to give me preſent Eaſe.
The gathering Water oft' renew'd my Pain,
Yet ſtill the Pipe diſcharg'd them all again.
In this alternate State of Health was I,
'Till my Diſtemper to a *Tympany*
At length was turn'd. And now the rumbling Wind,
Which by no Means a natural Vent can find,
Threat'ned a Rupture; wherefore all around
With a convenient Bandage I was bound.
'Twas then my utmoſt Miſery took Place,
(Sure Mortal never was in ſuch a Caſe!)
My Shape was made the Paſtime of the Town,
And I became the Sport of every Clown:
Us'd like a Dog; at Strife they ſeem'd to be,
Who ſhould diſcharge the moſt Contempt on me:
Whilſt I not one poor Moment's Eaſe cou'd know,
For never-ceaſing Toſſings to and fro.
In no Place cou'd I reſt, no Poſture lie,
My Life was one continued Agony;
With grievous Pangs I dearly bought my Death,
And in a Groan ſpent my departing Breath.

RID-

RIDDLE LX.

MY Stature, tho' of monſtrous Size,
Has ſomething to attract the Eyes;
A Party-colour'd Garb I wear,
Tho, *Indian* like, I all the Year
The moſt Part naked do appear.
With Pleaſure all behold my Motion;
But of its Cauſe few have a Notion.
Once, what if odd, methinks you'll ſay,
A Suppliant to me would pray,
To me would offer up his Plaint,
And call me oft' his Guardian Saint,
But I, relentleſs to his Cry,
Soon made the cringing Zealot fly.
The kindeſt Nurſe in me you'll find
To Man, as well as Woman-kind.
But what is ſtrange, tho' true, you'll ſee,
I feed the Man who firſt feeds me.
A Genius good and bad, they ſay,
Attends on Man by Night and Day;
So I, unſeen by mortal Eyes,
Have one to whom I owe my Riſe:
Without him uſeleſs I ſhould be,
And ſink into Non-Entity.
Now, Ladies, 'tis for you to ſhew,
My Name, ſince I reſemble you;

For when by Whim and Fancy led,
You then have got me in your Head.

RIDDLE LXI.

BEFORE th' eternal Mind, who dwells on high,
Hung up the ſpangled Curtains of the Sky,
With wond'rous Skill Earth's firm Foundations laid,
Or ſcoop'd the watry Deeps capacious Bed;
Before their tow'ring Heads the Mountains rear'd,
Or ſhady Woods and open Lawns appear'd;
'Ere bubbling Springs or Fountains had begun,
Thro' painted Meads, in cryſtal Streams to run;
'Ere chearful Verdure cloath'd the naked Field,
Or barren Vales did blooming Odours yield;
I then with uncreated Splendor ſhone,
And ſpread my Beams around th' Almighty's Throne;
Joyous before the ſov'reign Preſcience play'd,
Who with Delight immenſe my heavenly Form ſurvey'd!
And when this Univerſe with perfect Art
He rais'd, and caſt in Order every Part;
The Spheres that roll their ſteady Courſe above,
Prepar'd, and taught the Planets where to move;
When Laws he to the ſwelling Ocean gave,
And bound in Ropes of Sand the raging Wave:

To

To wand'ring Clouds their airy Flight aſſign'd,
And whence to blow inform'd the ſweepy Wind:
I then ſupreme did o'er the whole preſide,
And in his awful Work the ſacred Founder guide.
Whate'er of good or excellent is found,
Within the Compaſs of this ſpacious Round,
Compar'd with me, they no Regard can claim;
With me compar'd can ſcarce deſerve a Name.
Not half ſo beauteous is the dawning Light;
Not half ſo fair the Stars that gild the Night.
In vain the Gems of *Ophir*'s favour'd Coaſt,
Their dazled Luſtre in my Preſence boaſt:
Gay Orient Pearls and Gold in vain diſplay,
Their vanquiſh'd Glories in my brighter Day:
Before me brilliant Di'monds dimly ſhine,
And bluſhing Rubies own my Worth divine.
Artiſts by me their ſubtle Works deviſe:
'Tis I with Counſel ſage inſtruct the Wiſe:
'Tis I who teach the Princes to command
By wholeſome Laws, and guide the ſcepter'd Hand.

RIDDLE LXII.

The Gulph of all human Poſſeſſions.

COME hither and behold the Fruits,
Vain Man, of all thy vain Purſuits.

Take wiſe Advice and look behind,
Bring all paſt Actions to thy Mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a Glaſs,
How ſoon all human Pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy Pride,
To turn the true impartial Side!
How will your Eyes contain their Tears,
When all the ſad Reverſe appears!
This Cave within its Womb confines
The laſt Reſult of all Deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the Spoils
Of buſy Mortals endleſs Toils:
Here, with an eaſy Search we find
The foul Corruptions of Mankind.
The wretched Purchaſe here behold
Of Traytors who their Country ſold.
This Gulph inſatiable imbibes
The Lawyer's Fees, the Stateſman's Bribes.
Here, in their proper Shape and Mein,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the Tyrant's Law,
All humane Race muſt hither draw:
All prompted by the ſame Deſire,
The vig'rous Youth, and aged Sire:
Behold, the Coward, and the Brave,
The haughty Prince, the humble Slave,
Phyſician, Lawyer, and Divine,
All make Oblations at this Shrine.

Some enter boldly, ſome by Stealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs Wealth.
For while the baſhful Sylvan Maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching, finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo near her Heart;
The courtly Dame, unmov'd by Fear,
Profuſely pours her Off'rings here.

A Treaſure here of Learning lurks,
Huge Heaps of never-dying Works;
Labours of many an antient Sage,
And Millions of the preſent Age.

In at this Gulph all Off'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore Mankind
Was bid to throw the Stones behind;
So, thoſe who here their Gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another Way;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know,
The Myſteries that lie below.

Sad Charnel-houſe! a diſmal Dome,
For which all Mortals leave their Home;
The Young, the Beautiful, and Brave,
Here bury'd in one common Grave;
Where each Supply of Dead renews
Unwholeſome Damps, offenſive Dews:
And lo! the Writing on the Walls
Points out where each new Victim falls;

The Food of Worms, and Beasts obscene,
Who round the Vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled Corpses lie,
Condemn'd by Female Hands to die;
A comely Dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless Night;
By cruel Hands her Blood was spilt,
And yet her Wealth was all her Guilt.
And here six Virgins in a Tomb,
All beauteous Offspring of one Womb,
Oft in the Train of *Venus* seen,
As fair and lovely as their Queen:
In Royal Garments each was drest,
Each with a Gold and Purple Vest;
I saw them of their Garments stript,
Their Throats were cut, their Bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born,
Twice from their Sepulchres were torn;
But, now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting Place at last.
Here, oft the curious Trav'ler finds
The Combat of opposing Winds:
And seeks to learn the secret Cause,
Which alien seems from Nature's Laws;
Why at this Cave's tremendous Mouth,
He feels at once both North and South;
Whether the Winds in Caverns pent,
Through Clefts oppugnant force a Vent;

Or, whether, op'ning all his Stores,
Fierce *Æolus* in Tempeſt roars.
Yet from this mangled Maſs of Things,
In Time a new Creation ſprings.
Theſe crude Materials once ſhall riſe,
To fill the Earth, and Air, and Skies:
In various Forms appear agen
Of Vegetables, Brutes, and Men.
So *Jove* pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

RIDDLE LXIII.

SEARCH all the Chronicles of bearded Time
Inquiſitive from the primævous Birth
Of *Homer*'s Song, in Vellum Sheets expreſs'd,
Or latter Brood of Topographick Stamp;
Tho' you a num'rous Store of Painters meet,
Of Land egregious, yet there ſtands not one
With me in Competition, nor preſumes
Audacious, to excel my matchleſs Art;
Parrhaſus, mighty Artiſt, dares not vie,
In Imitation of my livelier Draughts,
Nor hang his Curtain in the Ken of mine,
The Purple Grapes that with illuſive Bluſh
Invited *Zeuxeun* Birds to vain Attempt
Ridiculous, by my ſuperiour Skill

Are

Are truer painted, painted in a Trice;
Yet know not how the *Arabian* Gum
Aqueous, may be diſſolv'd, nor in what Form
Ceruſa differs from Vermilion Dyes.
But what is ſtranger, in a Moment's Time
Or leſs, if Time admits a leſs Diviſion,
I finiſh human Bulk, or Bird, or Tree,
Or Chair, or Fire, or Dice, or waving Fan,
In native Shape or equal Magnitude,
Unparallel'd: From theſe two obvious Hints
My Name vernaculous, ye Gueſſers ſay.

RIDDLE LXIV.

LADIES,

SAY, by what charmful Turn of Mind,
Of late you've been to me ſo kind;
Say, Ladies, what could you excite,
In me to take ſo much Delight;
That ſeem'd by Nature firſt deſign'd;
To help the Impotent and Blind!
The Fop's Concomitant I'm choſe,
To guard him whereſoe'er he goes;
Tho' I, like him, in Wiſdom's Stead,
Have Front of Braſs, and Beams of Lead.
The ſimple Peaſant I protect,
And in a Trice his Foes correct.

When

When *Sylvia* walks to take the Air,
My Buſineſs is to go with her.
In diff'rent Faces I appear,
A Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear.
An human Form I oft' aſſume,
In wither'd Age, or Youth of Bloom.
In ſhort, would you my Virtues trace,
In ſacred Writ I've gain'd a Place
With *Iſrael*'s Champion, there you'll view,
When he the great *Goliah* ſlew,
Me, with th' undaunted Hero ſtand,
Obedient to his ſtrict Command.
But hold——ſhou'd I at length repeat
Each Virtue, each peculiar Feat
Recorded in the Liſts of Fame,
You then too ſoon would know my Name.

RIDDLE LXV.

Louiſa to Strephon.

AH *Strephon*, how can you deſpiſe,
Her, who, without thy Pity, dies?
To *Strephon* I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble Blood as you;
Fair Iſſue of the genial Bed,
A Virgin in thy Boſom bred;

Embrac'd

Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
Why should my Shepherd take amiss
That oft' I wake thee with a Kiss?
Yet you of every Kiss complain;
Ah, is not Love a pleasing Pain?
A Pain, which every happy Night
You cure with Ease and with Delight;
With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
Too great for Mortals less than Kings.
Chloe, when on thy Breast I lye,
Observes me with revengeful Eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails;
And with relentless Hands destroy
The tender Pledges of our Joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious Race;
They all were born from thy Embrace.
Consider, *Strephon*, what you do;
For should I die for Love of you,
I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost;
And all my Kin, a numerous Host,
Who down direct our Lineage bring
From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King,
Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns;
Who never fled the bloody Plains;
Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
And scorn the Pleasures of a Court;

From

From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom;
Who ſcourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire;
Thou, like *Alcides*, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
And Skin and Fleſh in Pieces tore.
Nor leſs that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
Cut from the Piece that made her Shift,
Shall in thy deareſt Blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted Hyde.

RIDDLE LXVI.

NOR Form nor Subſtance does my Being ſhare,
I'm neither Fire nor Water, Earth nor Air;
From Motion's Force alone my Birth derive,
I ne'er can die, for I was ne'er alive:
And yet with ſuch extenſive Empire reign,
That very few eſcape my magick Chain.
Nor Time nor Place my wild Excurſions bound,
I break all Order, Nature's Laws confound;
Raiſe Schemes without Contrivance or Deſign,
And make apparent Contradictions join:
Tranſfer the *Thames* where *Ganges'* Waters roll,
Unite th'Equator to the Frozen Pole;
Midſt *Zembla*'s Ice bid bluſhing Rubies glow,
And *Britiſh* Harveſts bloom in *Scythian* Snow;

Cauſe

Cauſe trembling Flocks to ſkim the raging Main,
And ſcaly Fiſhes graze the verdant Plain;
Make Light deſcend, and heavy Bodies riſe,
Stars ſink to Earth, and Earth aſcend the Skies.
If Nature lie deform'd in wintry Froſt,
And all the Beauties of the Spring be loſt,
Rais'd by my Pow'r new Verdure decks the Ground,
And ſmiling Flow'rs diffuſe their Sweets around.
The ſleeping Dead I ſummon from the Tomb,
And oft anticipate the Living's Doom;
Convey Offenders to the fatal Tree,
When Law or Stratagem have ſet them free.
I view each Country of the ſpacious Earth,
Nay viſit Realms that never yet had Birth,
Can trace the pathleſs Regions of the Air,
And fly with Eaſe beyond the ſtarry Sphere;
So ſwift my Operations, in an Hour
I can deſtroy a Town, or build a Tow'r.
Play Tricks would puzzle all the Search of Wit,
And ſhow whole Volumes that were never writ.
In ſure Records my myſtick Pow'rs conſeſt,
Who rack'd with Cares a haughty Tyrant's Breaſt,
Charg'd in prophetick Emblems to relate
Approaching Wrath, and his peculiar Fate.
Oft to the Good by Heav'n in Mercy ſent,
I've arm'd their Thoughts againſt ſome dire Event;
As oft in Chains preſumptuous Villains bind,
And haunt with reſtleſs Fears the guilty Mind.

RID-

RIDDLE LXVII.

WORK'D into Shape by ſkilful Art,
Mindleſs of ought beſides,
Grateful I act my deſtin'd Part,
As my Dictator guides.
Strange Compoſition, wond'rous Frame,
Aukward in ev'ry Feature;
I challenge all the World to name
A more deformed Creature.
Sometimes in native Dreſs I'm ſeen,
In many a Peaſant's Cot;
When Nature wears a Look ſerene,
And Gloom ſurrounds the Grot.
When *Phœbus* tips with Gold the Skies,
I've ſeldom much to do;
But when his beamy Splendor dies,
My Labours ſtrait enſue.
The Man's eſteem'd a buſy Fool,
(This my Director knows)
Who makes me break the gen'ral Rule.
The Day's for my Repoſe.
Sometimes in glitt'ring Coat array'd,
I grace the Lady's Table;
To act without aſſiſting Aid,
I'm utterly unable.

Strange! I poſſeſs two monſtrous Eyes,
Each void of human Sight;
Fix'd on my ſmall ſupporting Thighs,
And open to the Light.
A Head of monſtrous Size I wear,
A Mouth almoſt as large,
Opes and imbogues Proviſion there,
Which ſoon demands Diſcharge.
Far on my Front appears my Noſe,
Slender and ſharp at Top;
Not *Shipton*-like, my Patron knows,
To need a chinny Prop.
Black as the Shades of Night my Food,
By Night my chief Employ;
Strange Incoherence! underſtood
The Spring of lightſome Joy.
Clammy and hot my Food I take,
Yet for no ſelfiſh Cauſe;
And when my Agent bids, I ſhake
It from my opening Jaws.
Head, Mouth, and Noſe, but ne'er a Tongue,
(Believe the wond'rous Scene)
At Diſtance from my Eyes are hung,
With only Thighs between.
Hideous Compoſure, call'd a Pair,
Yet in my Frame but one;
Ye wond'ring Nymphs and Swains declare
My Name, as yet unknown.

RID-

RIDDLE LXVIII.

YE Furies, curs'd Inhabitants of Hell,
Where endleſs Fears, Remorſe, and Sorrows dwell,
My frightful Form, and ſhameful Actions tell.
That wond'ring Mortals may my Name explore,
And drive the ſubtle Viper from the Door.

Erynnis thus began with Accents wild;
" Love is thy Parent, but Revenge thy Child;
" *Meduſa*'s Hair hangs hiſſing down thy Head,
" And Eyes and Ears all round thy Body ſpread;
" Thy Bones ſtand ſtaring thro' thy Parchment Skin,
" And thouſand Vultures tear thy Lungs within:
" At thy Right Hand ſit Madneſs and Deſpair,
" Thy Left graſps all the frightful Forms of Care.
" Oh ſhocking Sight! yet ſhocking as you be,
" There's Thouſands entertain and welcome thee.
" In *Spain* and *Italy* thou'rt moſt in Faſhion.
" Tho' much careſs'd by almoſt every Nation.
" Maids, Huſbands, Widows, Batchelors, and Wives,
" At thy Approach curſe their unhappy Lives.
" Urg'd on by thee, *Herod* the Children ſlew,
" And envious *Saul* the pointed Jav'lin threw.
" Unlimited's thy Power, thy boundleſs Sway
" Scepters and Croſiers, Swords and Crooks obey.

" What's worſe, wherever you Poſſeſſion take,
" No magick Power can exorciſe the Snake:
" No Herb, no Balm, nor all *Apollo*'s Art;
" Death, only Death, can cure the raging Smart."
This ſaid, in livid Flames the Fiend withdrew;
I paus'd a-while, and ſoon the Monſter knew;
Which, friendly, here I now expoſe to you.

RIDDLE LXIX.

LADIES,

AS by th' unerring Laws of Nature
The Silk-worm (ſelf-deſtroying Creature)
Conſumes her Bowels to array
The Rich and Great, Polite, and Gay;
So I, by various Rules of Art,
T'improve your Charms ſpin out my Heart.
For great Celerity I'm noted,
And by th' inſpir'd Penman quoted;
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow,
Is my wing'd Motion, to and fro;
Tho', at the Pleaſure of my Maſter,
'Tis ſometimes ſlower, ſometimes faſter.
I'm of a diff'rent Shape and Size;
Have neither Head, nor Tail, nor Eyes;
Yet all m' exterior Parts agree
In perfect Similarity.

The

The Lives of Thouſands I ſuſtain,
And cloath the naked, helpleſs Train;
To all my Services extend,
And each Degree of Life befriend.
In ſacred Writ my Name appears
An Emblem of Man's fleeting Years.

RIDDLE LXX.

UNSEEN by mortal Eyes I roll
M' extenſive Courſe from Pole to Pole,
Do wond'rous Feats by Sea and Land;
Obſequious to divine Command.
In Priſon I am oft' confin'd,
By artful Projects of Mankind;
Yet, maugre all their ſublime Skill,
I'm acted by th'eternal Will.
Depriv'd of my propitious Aid,
The blooming roſy Cheeks ſoon fade;
Convulſions ſeize the heaving Breaſt.
Thus far my Nature I've expreſt:
I'll only add (t' enhance the Fame
Of my renown'd, tremendous Name)
No Power, but what vouchſaf'd me Birth,
Can e'er expel me from the Earth.

RIDDLE LXXI.

LET arbitrary Princes boaſt no more
Their haughty Schemes of independant Pow'r;
Nor propagate (to keep Mankind at Diſtance)
The ſlaviſh Principles of Non-reſiſtance;
Since I poſſeſs a more deſpotick Sway,
And abſolute Command, by far, than they.
No Laws, Injunctions, nor Reſtraints I know,
But ſuch as from myſelf ſpontaneous flow.
How oft' have I in mazy Fetters bound
Th' intrepid Sons of War, with Vict'ry crown'd?
What potent Heroes, valiant in the Field,
Have I led captive, and oblig'd to yield?
Altho' I have no formidable Name,
An univerſal Deference I claim:
The greateſt Potentates my Pow'r revere,
And Men of all Degrees my Livery wear;
Yet no conſtrain'd Obedience I exact;
'Tis every Man's own voluntary Act.
Oft' I occaſion Quarrels and Diſputes,
Inteſtine Jars, and Law contending Suits.
Reaſon, with all her mild Perſuaſions can
Avail but little, when I've laid the Plan.
In publick Life my Influence is ſuch,
Men hardly can be guided by't too much:
Yet I'm too often the unhappy Riſe
Of many unforeſeen Calamities.

I'll

I'll only add (t'exemplify my Birth,
And clear my ſully'd Fame) I'm of celeſtial Birth.

RIDDLE LXXII.

SO capricious am I, that if Monarchs ſhou'd offer
Their Kingdoms, I ſcarce would accept of their Proffer;
Since no Land in the World I ever could find,
That ſuited exactly the Turn of my Mind:
Yet guiltleſs I often am plac'd under Ground,
But return from my Priſon both healthy and ſound.
At Dinner I'm often receiv'd by the Great,
When I go on Command, but as quickly retreat;
For no Art they can uſe will oblige me to ſtay,
And I always contrive to ſlip ſoftly away.
On the Tops of high Trees I ſometimes reſide,
Where I tremble, tho' fear not, and ſparkle beſide.
I'm often in Rivers; but this I muſt ſay,
I ſeldom adventure to ſail on the Sea.
The Stars are my Friends; but as for the Sun,
With Precipitation his Ardor I ſhun.
I'm fear'd by the Antient, but lov'd by the Boy,
Who rides on my Back, and beholds me with Joy.

RIDDLE LXXIII.

WHEN firſt created *Sol*'s reviving Light
Shot thro' the Chaos of eternal Night,

And

And when his genial Beams were downward hurl'd
From Heav'n benign, to warm the Infant World,
To chaſe with glowing Rays the Miſt away,
Gladden the Earth, and blaze the firſt-born Day;
On that great Hour did I deſcend to Earth,
From Parent *Sol*, the Author of my Birth;
From thence exiſting to the preſent Time,
I traverſe ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Clime;
Deck'd in the Beggar's Rags, or Monarch's Robe,
I paſs each Province of the ſpacious Globe;
All Forms, all Shapes, promiſcuouſly wear,
Sometimes a Man, ſometimes a Beaſt appear;
Sometimes like Things inanimate am ſeen,
And look a ſtately Poplar on the Green.
To me the languid Lover oft' repairs,
For I aſſuage his Pains and lull his Cares.
Tho' neither Form nor Subſtance can I claim,
Yet Form and Subſtance ſeem to be my Frame.
Each Morn a ſure Attendant I ariſe,
When Father *Phœbus* gilds the Eaſtern Skies.
All Day on Earth in ev'ry Shape I tread,
But diſappear when he deſcends to Bed;
Then, when the Moon aſſumes her ſilver Reign,
A conſtant Vigil I ariſe again;
When oft' the pallid Villain I affright,
Intent on Murder at the Noon of Night,
Whoſe guilty Conſcience often I diſmay,
Haunting, with ſilent Steps, his bloody Way.

And often too, in wond'rous Strides I ſeem
To ſtalk upon the Surface of a Stream;
Thus ſafe thro' watry Elements I 'ſcape,
Whereas on Earth I'm ſeen in ev'ry Shape:
I'm ſomething, nothing, evr'y Thing together,
And always ſeen, except in cloudy Weather.

RIDDLE LXXIV.

LADIES, I'm often under Hedges ſeen,
Near the Bank-ſide I often lay,
Oft' near your Walks, or near a Style,
But oft'ner in the publick Way.

Strange is my Fate! Forlorn I ſeem,
Unviſited in Wintry Weather;
But when bright *Phœbus* burns the Plains,
Thouſands dance round me altogether:

Yet ſtill I like my Winter's Liſe,
Leſs damag'd when alone I lay:
I'm kiſs'd, 'tis true, all Summer Time,
But kiſs'd and ſipt, 'till ſipt away.

There's not a Creature wings the Air,
That ſwims the Sea, or moves on Earth;
Kings, Princes, Dukes, the meaneſt Slaves,
Women and Fools, but give me Birth.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, when born, I cauſe no Pain,
Sometimes diſtort the ſweeteſt Faces:
Its ſeldom I confine the Fair,
Or leſſen their diſtinguiſh'd Graces.

The Dame at Fourſcore bears me well;
No Male's concern'd in my Production:
Sometimes I'm ſtill-born, oft'ner not:
The Hind's enrich'd by my Deſtruction.

What tho' my Parents diff'rent are,
Some mean and low, ſome high and great;
Like are my Features, like my Form;
I'm not improv'd by Wealth or State.

My Shape is conical, ſometimes
Cylindrical, or ſomewhat broader;
Sometimes all Surface I appear,
But then my Parent's out of Order.

The Rich and Great, for ſelfiſh Ends,
Build ſtately Receptacles for me;
The Peaſant drops me in a Hole:
Yet Rich and Poor alike abhor me.

Of me you may read oft in *Martial*;
I much aſſiſt the witty Joker:
Yet out of every Room I'm thruſt,
With Bruſh and Shovel, Tongs and Poker.

The Artiſt forms me of ſoft Wax,
To raiſe in Company loud Laughter;
Dropt near a Chair, *Tim* burſts his Sides,
And *Chloe* ſcarce can hold her Water.

I pay no Clerks, yet wond'rous ſtrange!
Of Offices I have great Plenty,
Well ſtock'd with Papers of all Sorts;
You'll find my Warehouſe ſeldom empty.

Hither fair *Chloe* oft' reſorts,
Not hinder'd by the fouleſt Weather;
If ſeen, the bluſhing Nymph returns,
Stoops, and picks up a Straw or Feather.

Old *Galen* handled me with Glee,
Sanctorius weigh'd me very nicely;
And if Philoſophers ſay true,
Sage *Helmont* knew my Worth preciſely.

Now Ladies, if by all theſe Marks
You find it difficult to tell me,
Truſt to your ——: Now I've done;
For ſurely you begin to ſmell me.

RIDDLE LXXV.

I Challenge Nature's Treaſure to produce
One Thing of ſuch an univerſal Uſe,

That

That ſcarce in Subſtance does exceed a Worm,
Yet can the beſt and greateſt Acts perform;
On whom the Affairs of Kingdoms do depend;
For thro' the World my Virtues do extend.
I'm Author of a ſmall yet num'rous Race,
Of diff'rent Forms from mine, in equal Space
Keeping according to their Age their Place.
For my Firſt-born at their full Growth arrive,
(To which they almoſt in one Moment thrive)
Before their Younger Brothers can begin to live.
From which Time all in one Communion ſtay,
(Perhaps the Years of old *Methuſelah*)
'Till they by ſome ſchiſmatick Villany
Muſt ſep'rate, or alike, as Martyrs, die.
But what my Nature and my Skill commends,
I have all Learning at my Fingers Ends.
Off Hand I treat of deep Theology,
Grammar, and Logick, and Chronology;
All Kinds of Learning from my Mouth I ſpit,
In Verſe and Proſe too, without ſtudying it.
Without my Aid Men can no farther go,
Than what they by their own Experience know.

RIDDLE LXXVI.

THO' Kings and Princes my Acquaintance be,
To Beggars I diſpenſe my Company.

In

In diff'rent Shapes, and diff'rent Poſtures dreſt.
I'm a beloved and a hated Gueſt.
Sometimes (I'm ſuch a ſtrange prepoſterous Thing)
I ſooth a Beggar and inſult a King.
In me a thouſand Contradictions lie,
I'm too too often dead, yet never die.
'Tis I that chiefly grieve and chiefly pleaſe,
Create the greateſt Anguiſh, and the greateſt Eaſe;
I'm mild and calm, yet rough and ſtormy too,
A Boſom Friend, and yet an Inmate Foe.
Unſeen, I all Things ſee, and 'tis in me,
(Tho' I'm no Glaſs) that they themſelves do ſee.
There's none but God himſelf, knows more of Man
Than I.——Now ſolve this Riddle if you can.

RIDDLE LXXVII.

TO all your fair Females, who ſometimes partake
The choiceſt of Junkets with *Brawn*, or *Pontac*,
Who know what is uſual in each Bill of Fare,
From ſnug *Tete a Tete*, to a Feaſt with Lord-Mayor;
Come, gueſs, if you can, at a Diſh that was ſent
To ſome Dames at the *Bath*, to their ſpecial Content;

Be it known to you, *Puddings*, like each mortal thing,
Are inclin'd to return to the Place whence they ſpring.
But this, by the By, the *Pudding* was ſuch,
They thought it impoſſible to have too much.
And as ſome People talk of the Pine-Apple's Flavour,
That all Taſtes you think of, or aſk for you have there,
So theſe Ladies aſſert, that this delicate Diſh
Gives a Smatch of each Pleaſure a Woman can wiſh:
And agreed with one Voice, 'twas moſt ſpecial good Stuff,
That tho' it was Bellyful, 'twas not enough.
No Stomach, they ſaid, was ſo weak or ſo ſtrong,
No Appetite could be ſo old or ſo young,
But ten times a Day, and ten times a Night,
They may reliſh a Slice on't, with utmoſt Delight.
To hear with ſuch Praiſes its Goodneſs unfolded,
Be ſure ſet the Hearers agog to behold it.
Each thought it was what they ne'er knew to their Fill;
Some gueſs'd it was Counters, or Cards for Quadrille;
Others ſaid it was Tea, and others a Dram;
And others were ſure that it muſt be a Flam.
Obſerving, with *Solomon*, no human Joy,
But too often repeated, will certainly cloy.

The

The Girls grinn'd, and titter'd, and whiſp'ring gueſs'd
What the *Pudding* muſt be that made ſuch a Feaſt;
While the Prudes held their Hands up, and look'd as amaz'd,
To hear People talk thus, and thought they were craz'd:
Crying, Ladies, for Shame, let us find other Chat;
If a Stranger ſhould hear us, he'd think God knows what.
The Dames laugh'd aloud, at ſuch a Surmiſe,
And went on with the Joak to encreaſe the Surprize;
Aſſerting, full roundly, they need not be ſqueamiſh,
For a Saint might take Part on't without any Blemiſh.
'Twas the Hope of the Maids, and the Widow's ſole Comfort,
And modeſt Wives never do look but at home for't:
That in ev'ry Climate, and Country, and Nation,
It had been, and ſtill is, and will be the Faſhion,
Except in a Convent, 'mongſt Cloyſters and Fools,
Bound by barb'rous Vows to unnatural Rules:
Nay, ſo ſtrongly each Sex are inclin'd to partake on't,
That they're perjur'd ſometimes, e'en for the mere Sake on't.

And if you can't gueſs it, we'll tell you my Dears;
But leaſt you ſhould bluſh for't—A Word in your Ears,
'Tis—but take ſpecial Care how you uſe it;
It loſes all Virtue whene'er you abuſe it:
Like all other *Puddings*, the Merit commending,
The Proof of its Goodneſs lies moſt in the *Spending*.

RIDDLE LXXVIII.

FETCH'D with much Labour from my Native Home,
Around this lower Globe of Earth I roam.
Pale as the Moon tho' my Complexion be,
The Brighteſt Beauties do fall down to me.
The *Oriental* Monarchs do me Grace,
And Characters Divine print on my Face.
The Princes of *Great Britain* and of *France*,
Give me a Copy of their Countenance.
The *Dutch Myn-Heer*, who loves me not the leaſt,
Inſtead of that, doth fix on me a *Beaſt*.

RIDDLE LXXIX.

I Challenge Nature from her Store or Magazine to ſhow
One thing that doth by its great Age, or Uſe, the ſtronger grow,

Or

Or any thing but what proceeds forth from its Mother Earth,
Or elſe begotten is by two, and brought unto the Birth.
Yet I by Years my Strength increaſe, and Uſe doth not impair,
But as the Number doth amount, ſo I the ſtronger wear.
And as all Creatures in their Kind, 'twixt two begotten be,
I ſo far differ from them all, 'tis Thouſands that got me.

RIDDLE LXXX.

HE who begot me, did conceive me too,
Within one Month to a Man's Height I grew:
And ſhould I to an hundred Years remain,
I to my Stature not one Inch ſhould gain.
Numbers of Brethren I have here on Earth;
And all like me of this ſurprizing Birth.
Some curious Garments do their Limbs adorn,
And ſome as naked are as they were born,
Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm,
Some want an Eye, and others have no Feet,
Some have no Arms, others no Legs; and yet
Moſt Men eſteem them equally with me,
Tho' I in all my Limbs unblemiſh'd be.

To ſum up all as briefly as I can,
I am Man's *Offspring* tho' I'm not a *Man*.

RIDDLE LXXXI.

A Thing more ſtrange all Men will ſay
No Mortal ever knew,
A Thing of ſo great Uſe as I,
Yet leſs than Nothing too.

Yet at my Name ſome break their Hearts,
And others do run mad,
I'm worſe to ſome than fi'ry Darts,
While others I make glad.

In ſeeking what I am, no doubt,
You'll often hear me nam'd,
And if you chance to find me out,
You're worthy to be fam'd.

I frequent am in moſt Diſcourſe,
In Truth and Falſhood too,
In Work and Play, both Night and Day,
But chiefly when Men woo.

Now ſeek and find me if you can,
Explain my Name and what I am.

RIDLLE LXXXII.

WHEN firſt I in this Stage of Life appear,
I Tidings to th' expecting World declare:
A noted Prophet to the Earth I come,
And to remoteſt Kingdoms ſwiftly roam;
Admiring Mortals crowd to ſee my Face,
While dark Events I ſhow to human Race.
Now I'm belov'd by all, by all careſt,
And go to ev'ry Houſe, a welcome Gueſt.
Where my rich Robes the Eyes of all invite,
Scarlet and Black wrought on a Ground of White;
But ſee the ſad Reverſe of proſp'rous Fate!
What dire Diſgrace does on my Glories wait!
When thus awhile, eſteem'd and lov'd, I've reign'd,
A deadly Foe I find in ev'ry Friend.
My gay Attire by barb'rous Hands is torn,
And, to a Proverb, I'm expos'd to Scorn.
With reſtleſs Hatred they purſue my Life,
And often make me feel the fatal Knife;
Sometimes the Flames I try, or faithleſs Wave,
Or in the Privy find a ſordid Grave.

RIDDLE LXXXIII.

I'M doom'd to lie 'till certain Times
Appointed do expire,
To cleanſe away my Earthly Crimes,
In Purgatory Fire.

And

And by this new regen'rate Birth,
My Nature I improve;
Then ſtraight aſcend, and leave the Earth,
To chant in Choirs above.

I'm known to dance when Men rejoyce,
And mourn their Miſery,
For at their Deaths, with doleful Voice,
I ſing their Elegy.

It is my Fortune ſoon or late,
(Which firſt diſplays my Fame)
To end my Days in *Haman*'s Fate.——
Whence you may learn my Name.

RIDDLE LXXXIV.

NOthing I am, nor real Being have (gave;
But what quick Thought and la'bring Fancy
And yet 'tis plain I mighty Deeds have done;
Do meaſure Things paſt, preſent, and to come.
Deep Projects which, at firſt, in ſecret lye,
Are brought to Light by my All-ſeeing Eye:
Nothing is free from my conſuming Power,
The Wiſe, the Brave, alike I all devour.
Thoſe Monuments of which the Ancients boaſt,
Waſted by me, are in their Ruins loſt.
No Permanence I have, my Parts ſlide on,
As one Wave ſtraight ſucceeds another gone.

Thus

Thus with ſwift Pace my conſtant Courſe I run,
In equal Motion as I firſt begun.

RIDDLE LXXXV.

I'M an odd Kind of Monſter, and of a ſtrange Shape,
That the fineſt of Limners can't perfectly ape.
Tho' my Colour by moſt is allow'd to be Yellow,
Yet I make thoſe that keep me look whiter than Tallow.
On their Vitals I conſtantly prey Night and Day,
And with fretting and vexing I wear them away.
I make 'em ſtill ſeek with a diligent Eye,
To find out the Thing they're unwilling to ſpy;
For when they have found it, it makes 'em look ſad,
Nay a hundred to one but it makes 'em half mad.
And whoſoe'er keeps me is highly to blame:
And now, if you can, pray diſcover my Name.

RIDDLE LXXXVI.

SUre I'm the verieſt *Proteus* e'er was ſeen,
Sometimes I'm red, then black, then white, then green;
I change my Face an hundred Times a Day,
And in one Shape oft not a Minute ſtay:

Some-

Sometimes I ſeem a Doctor, or Phyſician,
A Pettyfogger, Lawyer, Politician,
Sometimes a King, a Prince, a Duke, a Peer,
A Trooper, Footman, or a Charioteer;
A Beggar, Madman, Fool, a Chair, a Door,
And now a Queen, and now a common Whore.
All Sexes, Ages, all Degrees I ſeem,
Yet in all Shapes I bear my common Name,
For King, or Beggar, I am ſtill the ſame.
Nay, with a Face, can change Religion too;
Sometimes a *Chriſtian*, then a *Turk*, or *Jew*.
But then, when all Religious Men are gone,
And by myſelf am left, Religion I have none:
Sometimes a Dog, a Boar, a Horſe I ſeem,
A ſtanding Water, or a running Stream:
Sometimes I ſeem all of a burning Fire,
Untouch'd, unhurt, unburnt, I'm ſtill entire.
Tho' into ev'ry Shape I ſeem to turn,
And nought comes near me but I take its Form,
Yet ſtrange it is (and yet with Truth I ſing)
I'm ſtill the ſelf-ſame individual Thing.

RIDDLE LXXXVII.

BOLD as a Champion I my Force maintain,
And trample down whole Numbers of the Slain.
No Feet I boaſt, but Teeth that manage all,
And make ſubmit from greater to the ſmall:

Sublime's

Sublime's the Place where I engage my Foes;
On topmoſt Hills, no Bounds my Conqueſt knows.
Egg'd on by Honour, I the Paſſage clear,
And againſt Squadrons open War declare.
When by Succeſs the Vict'ry I have won,
I to the Place from whence I came return.

RIDDLE LXXXVIII.

IN Ancient Times, when that the World was young,
And Nature, now decay'd with Age, was ſtrong,
When the *Athenian* Eye her *Greece* ſurvey'd,
And martial *Rome* her val'rous Acts diſplay'd;
With Rev'rence in my Temples Mortals trod,
For I was then eſteem'd and own'd a God.
To me they ſacred Hymns, with joyful Tongue
Requeſting my Aſſiſtance, gladly ſung.
Tho' Chriſtian Ages, better taught than thoſe,
A ſingle Object for their Worſhip choſe:
Yet ſtill *they* pay Devoirs before my Shrine,
And own my ſacred Force, and Pow'r divine.
I'll now deſcend, and tell from whence I came,
Whereby th' Ingenious ſoon may gueſs my Name.
High-born, from Heav'n my Origin I brought,
And ever ſince have Love and Union taught:
In Paradiſe were my Indentures made,
And am a Maſter-Joyner by my Trade.

Few

Few are the Nations, (if there any be)
But what employ and find out Work for me:
What I perform, ſometimes may long remain;
But it is often quickly broke again.
I rarely make a Joynt that will endure
Above the Term of Fifty Years ſecure:
Tho' either Sex are fond my Skill to know,
They often Curſe my Name for what I do:
But all in vain; nor I, nor they, can break
The ſtrong and certain Cloſures that I make.

RIDDLE LXXXIX.

SOme Senſes I have, if me you'll believe,
As for Hearing indeed I have none,
And all Students in Nature agree in this Matter,
I'm ſurely as blind as a Stone.

This alſo I tell, that I have no Smell,
Yet a Taſte to me none muſt deny,
For I well can diſtinguiſh 'twixt freſh and ſalt reliſh;
One's Food, give me t'other I die.

Indeed and good Truth, I have never a Mouth
To take in my Nouriſhment by;
Yet good Liquor I love, becauſe I do prove
Good for nothing whene're I'm a dry.

Without

Without Legs or Wings, or any ſuch Things,
From this Place to that I advance;
But to move or lie ſtill, I am quite without Will,
For when either does happen, 'tis Chance.

Very much to my Coſt, I'm beloved by moſt,
For that does occaſion my Ruin;
From my Foes I am free, and ſhou'd ever ſafe be,
Were my Friends not the Cauſe of m'undoing.

E'en Ladies with Glee, me naked do ſee,
To kiſs me all over they ſtrive;
And 'tis always obſerv'd, that I'm kill'd when ſo
Yet they value me moſt when alive. (ſerv'd,

Pray which of the Creatures with all theſe odd Fea-
Good Ladies, d'ye think me to be? (tures,
'Tis plain when alive, that I ſenſibly thrive,
Yet my Death you contentedly ſee.

RIDDLE XC.

'TIS doubted whence I ſprung, yet moſt agree,
The rich *Arabian* Soil gave Birth to me;
I to the Ancients wholly was unknown,
But am thro' *Europe* now familiar grown:
Nor *Jews*, nor learned *Greeks* of me cou'd boaſt,
For I was unconceiv'd when *Troy* was loſt.
Deform'd in Shape (if crooked Shapes be ſo)
Of various Stature thro' the World I go;

My Make in ev'ry Place is much the ſame,
But have in diff'rent Tongues a diff'rent Name.
Nay, ſtrange to tell! a many Names I had
Before my Being viſible was made;
Thoſe of my Species ar'n't confin'd to be
Exactly of a Bulk and Size with me:
Some full proportion'd mount up two Feet high,
When fifty more may ride upon a Fly:
I am but one, and yet ſo ſtrange my Pow'r,
That always, I've ſupply'd the Place of more.
Eight are my Brethren, but as Fate had paſt
Her ſtrong Decree, my Lot's aſſign'd the laſt;
Howe'er in this my Loſs was made up well,
Becauſe in Pow'r I all the reſt excell.
But I'll no further now myſelf explain,
Leaſt you with too much Eaſe my Name obtain.

RIDDLE XCI.

IF any under the Almighty be
A King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, 'tis me.
Princes that Kingdoms and whole Empires ſway,
Tis by my Leave they reign one fleeting Day;
The Potent *Alexander*, what was he?
But a meer Cypher, if compar'd with me.
He's call'd a Conq'ror of the World, I own,
But I'm more truly ſo, it is well known:

No Caſtles, Forts, ſtrong Walls, nor Locks nor Keys,
Can bar my Way from paſſing where I pleaſe:
Rambling about I call at ev'ry Door,
Making no Diff'rence 'twixt the Rich and Poor.
I made ſtern *Hector* tremble at my Sight;
I conquer all, none dares with me to fight,
The World I ſway, and none conteſts my Right.
Thus far I like a cruel Tyrant ſeem,
Yet there are ſome that do me much eſteem;
Some run to meet me, ſome force me to do
What others fear, whether I will or no.
A Dread to Rogues, but am the juſt Man's Hope:
I've ſainted more than ever did the Pope.
A better Doctor never was, 'tis ſure,
For whoſoe'er I take in hand I cure;
Alike, unprejudic'd, to Rich and Poor,
When the Phyſicians have quite giv'n 'em o'er:
But what's more ſtrange and wond'rous to relate, is,
I ne'er perform a Cure, but do it gratis.
I turn the Wheel of Fortune; of their Store
I diſpoſſeſs the Rich, relieve the Poor,
And often cauſe the Wealthy to have more.
At once I viſit *England*, *France* and *Spain*;
At once in twenty diff'rent Places reign.
Thus am I King, Phyſician, and in brief,
A cruel Tyrant, Murderer and Thief.

RIDDLE XCII.

WHen *Sol* thro' *Aries* drives his brilliant *Car*,
And hoſtile Boſoms kindle for the War;
Then ſofter Souls the ſweeter Pleaſures rove,
And melt in Raptures with *Idalian* Love;
When blooming Nature to the Eye diſplays
Its pleaſing Pride a thouſand wanton Ways;
When longing Mortals with Impatience wait
For my Approach, which is as ſure as Fate.
You'll aſk, from whence this Expectation ſprings?
Or what the Bleſſings, that my Preſence brings?
'Tis this—when I appear, they boldly lye,
And cheat each other with Impunity;
Practice ſtrange Frauds, and what you'll ſcarce believe,
They're thought the brighteſt Men who moſt deceive.
Lo here a hapleſs Wretch! with uplift Eyes,
Thanks his kind Stars, and graſps a tempting Prize;
But oh! what Changes on our Fortunes wait!
What ſudden Scenes in Life's fallacious State!
Deluded Fool! the Bait which look'd ſo fair,
Now turns to Filth, or fleets away like Air.
Then ſtraight a lurking Crew themſelves diſcloſe,
Mock at his Shame, and triumph at his Woes.
But leſt I ſeem of the fictitious Kind,
Or Virtue, Vice, or Paſſion of the Mind,

Know,

Know, I'm the eldeſt of a num'rous Race;
And by my Birthright claim the leading Place:
My younger Brethren in a train, like Geeſe,
Purſue, but keep unequal Diſtances:
And only one can at a Time be ſeen,
Such an imperious Curtains drawn between.
Alike we are in Shape, alike in Name,
Yet no illuſtrious Arts my *Brethren* claim;
But Paſſion rules with ſuch imperious Pow'r,
We oft change Countenance ten times an Hour.
Sometimes a glitt'ring Face with Charms appears,
Sometimes a low'ring Brow, bedew'd with Tears.
From Night as from an Enemy I run;
And tho' I'm ſeen by all, I'm felt by none.

RIDDLE XCIII.

WHen ſilent Night with Sable did inveſt
Our Hemiſphere, and Mortals were at Reſt;
With anxious Thoughts, to Bed I took my Way,
Tir'd with the Noiſe and Hurries of the Day:
Reflecting on my dear *Eliza*'s Scorn,
Which thus has made me wretched and forlorn.
Tumbling I lay, expecting Sleep in vain;
Tumult'ous Thoughts did ſo diſturb my Brain;
My parched Bones at laſt did find ſome Eaſe,
And Slumber on my heavy Eyes, did ſeize:

Morpheus no ſooner had compos'd my Reſt,
And laid the Perturbation of my Breaſt;
But he a Viſion brought before my Eyes,
Which did my tim'rous Fancy much ſurprize.
Four Spectres ſtraight before me did appear,
Deſpairing *Love*, *Rage*, *Jealouſy* and *Fear*;
Their diſmal Aſpect ſhew'd me who they were.
Deſpairing Love with Tears bedew'd the Ground,
And cruel Rage did its own Works confound;
And meagre Jealouſy did ghaſtly ſtare;
And Fear look'd wilder than the tim'rous Hare;
But in an Inſtant, to my great Delight,
The Scene did change and there appear'd in Sight
A beauteous Lady moſt tranſcendent Gay;
At which the Spectres dwindl'd quite away.
Then did ſhe ſpeak with a majeſtick Air,
"What Mortal's this, lies grov'ling in Deſpair,
"And here, regardleſs of my winning Charms,
"Supinely lies with cold diſtorted Arms;
"As tho' it were not in my Pow'r to pleaſe,
"Or to thy Love-ſick Paſſion give thee Eaſe?
Then did I take her to my throbbing Breaſt,
Thinking myſelf of Heaven ſtraight poſſeſt:
In the Enjoyment took I ſuch Delight,
I could have wiſh'd for an eternal Night.
But leſt that ſhe again from me ſhould fly,
I aſk'd her Name, to which ſhe made Reply,
"I am that great *Panpharmacon*, which cures
"All Paſſions of the Mind that Man endures:

"To

" To pining Lovers I ſtraightway give Eaſe;
" *Zoilus* and *Momus* I can ſoon appeaſe,
" And jealous *Juno* I can pacify,
" And make her live with *Jove* in Unity.
" To Wretches poor, whoſe Wants ſcarce let's 'em live;
" The Philoſophick Stone I them can give.
" And greedy *Midas*, who for Gold doth cry,
" By Tranſmutation I can ſatisfy,
" And in Contempt of Fortune's giddy Wheel,
" I arm poor Mortals they no Croſſes feel.
Thus ſhe her ſelf explain'd in various Ways,
Whilſt I in Tranſports did ſet forth her Praiſe;
In Love's ſweet Raptures did we ſpend the Night,
Our Love repeating ſtill with new Delight;
Till bright *Aurora* bluſh'd to ſee me there,
Then I aroſe, quite cur'd of my Deſpair.

RIDDLE XCIV.

I HAVE not to boaſt of much Humour or Wit;
The Thing that I'm priz'd for, is moſtly a *Slit*.
I'm black at the Bottom; but if you look higher,
I'm as *white* and as *ſmooth* as a *Man* can deſire.
To the Lovers ſoft Paſſion I often give Eaſe,
Who wriggle me up and down juſt as they pleaſe.

By

By turns I every *Man*'s Humour can ſuit,
The *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*, and *Biſhops* to boot,
Who *finger* me ſtoutly whene'er they come to it.
At firſt tho' perhaps for One's Uſe I was made;
Yet if more ſhould try me they'd find me no Jade.
I cut a great Figure throughout the whole Nation,
And give all your Hearts in their turns Palpitation.

RIDDLE XCV.

LAdies, to you I muſt addreſs my Tale.
My Suff'rings may on your ſoft Sex prevail;
T'extend ſome Pity, or at leaſt t'expound,
What 'tis in all this giddy ſpacious Round;
Which lies obſcure, for Years, in Nature's Womb,
And, if unſearch'd for, makes the ſame its Tomb.
The Sons of Men, thro' Avarice miſled,
Tear me unformed from my Mother's Bed;
And as their wanton Fancies each inſpire,
Form me for Uſe, or bury me in *Fire*.
No cunning Lawyers, no ſuperior Court,
Whoſe vending Profligates for Caſh reſort.
Can bind ſo ſtrong, or with ſuch Durance tye,
E'en Strength and Might itſelf ſo firm as I.
In Churches, Palaces, in Cotts and Cells,
In Parlours, Kitchens, Chimnies, Sinks and Wells,

In

In ev'ry Houſe am I, on ev'ry Coaſt,
Nay in each Libel on old *Paſquin's* Poſt.
In ſhort, 'twas I did more for *Iſrael's* Sons,
Than all their mighty Army join'd had done:
In Combination link'd with Female Art,
I ſlew their Terrour;—bid their Hoſts depart,
This Holy Writ records—but to be fair,
Look round about you whereſo'ere you are,
And if you ſee me not—believe me Juſt,
I'll guard your Bones (when dead) 'till they are Duſt.

RIDDLE XCVI.

A Noble Creature, when created I,
And ſplendid ſhone in bright Refulgency;
(If you'll ſome Authors credit) not confin'd
To Earth alone; in th'Air my Glory ſhin'd:
On radiant Pinions I with Eaſe cou'd fly,
And ſoar aloft within the Azure Sky;
But I this Glory did not long enjoy,
For one foul Crime my Grandeur did deſtroy;
For which I ſoon was brought to great Diſgrace,
And now alas! what Creature is more baſe?
Tho' firſt I in ſuch ſplendid Glory ſhin'd,
My Aſpect now is odious to Mankind;
The Earth my Habitation, nor can fly
In open Air as in my Infancy;

But

But ſculk in Holes and Caverns of the Earth,
From whence (tho' noble then) I took my Birth.
But yet I'm in a manner innocent
O'th' Crime for which I have this Puniſhment,
For I was not the Cauſe, but Inſtrument.
I dread Man's Preſence, Man dreads mine as much,
Th'Antipathy 'twixt Man and I is ſuch,
You'd almoſt ſwear that I a *Lexus* were
But if diſrob'd and naked he appear,
More dreadful ſeems, increaſing more my Fear.
There's ne'er a Battle 'twixt my Foe and me,
But unawares I kill, or killed be;
Mortal my Wounds: But tho' I Vict'ry gain,
I ever after muſt diſarm'd remain.

RIDDLE XCVII.

FROM dirty Form, and filthy Dreſs ſet free,
I now enjoy a pleaſing Liberty:
From Spots refin'd, and every Blemiſh clear,
Ladies, like you I'm innocent and fair.
I, *Quaker*-like, am neat and plainly dreſt,
Yet oft in me the beauiſh Fop's expreſt.
Sometimes in Black my mournful Body's bound,
With coſtly Gold ſometimes I'm edg'd around.

No

No monſtrous Form, no horrid Shape I bear,
Unarm'd I go, yet oft when I appear,
The ſtouteſt Souls are ſeiz'd with panick Fear.
Th' inſolvent Debtor often I ſurprize,
Nor mind the Wife's Complaint, or Childrens Cries.
With unrelenting Force I ſeize the Prey,
And to a Goal the lawful Prize convey.
To Vagrants, Whores, and ſuch like paltry Stuff,
To pilfering Knaves & Rogues I'm always rough,
But unprovok'd I'm peaceable enough.
The jarring Feuds of Friends I oft compoſe,
And ſettle Peace between the greateſt Foes.
Love is my natural Product; I inſpire,
An amorous Warmth, and kindle mutual Fire.
Like wide-mouth'd Fame, thro' diſtant Realms I fly,
Sometimes I tell the Truth, and ſometimes lye.
All this I do, but ſtill my chiefeſt Care,
Is to oblige and pleaſe the Charming Fair.
Ladies, on you ſubmiſſive I attend,
Your faithful Servant and your Boſom Friend.
In Bulk I'm ſmall, of all your Slaves the leaſt;
Yet truſted moſt, and ſtill eſteem'd the beſt.
Let ſervile Fools at humble Diſtance ſtand,
My Office is to wait at your Right-Hand.
There I attend from ever Drudg'ry free,
And ev'n my Miſtreſs often ſtoops to me.

Whilſt

Whilſt Fortune ſmiles and crowns me with Succeſs,
I'm honour'd with each Female's fond Careſs.
But if ſhe frown, and I ſucceſsleſs prove,
At once I loſe both their Reſpect and Love.
Then all the Marks of Female Rage I bear,
My tender Sides they mangle, bruiſe, and tear,
And caſt my ſcatter'd Limbs to rot i'th' open Air.
Ye cruel Dames, your utmoſt Efforts try,
To name the Thing you deal ſo coarſely by.

RIDDLE XCVIII.

YE doughty Phyſicians attend to my Lure,
For I am grown famous for many a Cure,
And in Reaſon and Juſtice deſerve more Regard,
Than the greateſt Performance of *Taylor* or *Ward*.
I'm as old a Preſcription as any on Earth,
And *Solomon* often does ſpeak of my Worth.
And ſtill I continue with the greateſt Succeſs,
If with Skill and Diſcretion I'm us'd, you'll confeſs,
I'm known for diſpelling the Fumes in the Head,
For correcting the Humours, and ſweet'ning the Blood;
For refining the Intellects; clearing the Brain;
With a long Roll of Maladies all in a Train.
I'm an excellent Cure, and a Remedy try'd;
But obſerve, I muſt always be outward apply'd.

I ſome-

I ſometimes by Sweating my Virtues impart,
But Bleeding's the Top and the Chief of my Art.
Nay once on a Time, I have bled a great Prince,
And he, I much thank him, has remember'd me ſince.

I cou'd name you a Doctor—in Peace may he reſt,
Stands famous on Record, for Service confeſt;
Who by my Aſſiſtance, more Good did I know,
Than all the Phyſicians for Ages ago:
Whoſe Skill in his Art was never diſputed,
And neither a Quack nor an Upſtart reputed.

There are Conſtitutions and Tempers I own,
That are to be modell'd or mended by none.
Thoſe ſoon I give over; becauſe 'tis in vain
To ſtrive, where the Cure will not anſwer the Pain.
But to make all your Labours to proſper and thrive,
Apply me betimes, is the Caution I give;
And then, in all Likelihood, you'll find ſome Relief,
Againſt the moſt ſtubborn and obſtinate Grief.

RIDDLE XCIX.

WE have long been employ'd, and rich Favours enjoy'd,
Of Titles, Atchievements, and Honours;
Tho' what Time we began, no Heralds explain,
Or who the firſt generous Donors.

Some in Gold are dreſs'd fine, ſome in Adamant ſhine,
Some are arm'd with a Braſs Conſtitution;
Some in Silver or Steel ſit enſhrin'd, and ne'er feel
Thro' Ages the leaſt Diminution.
Yet our Size is ſo ſmall, you may venture to call
The whole Race *Lilliputians* by Nature:
But what is more ſtrange, the Creation we range,
And challenge the Form of each Creature.
Now a Lamb we appear, now a Wolf, or a Bear;
Now a Vulture, a Hawk, or a Dove:
Not irrational Things, but Gods, Heroes and Kings,
A *Cæſar*, a *George*, or a *Jove*.
Much Time, Skill and Care, makes us what we are;
But our Sons, with incredible Quickneſs,
In a Moment aſpire to the Bulk of their Sire,
And father themſelves by their Likeneſs.
With a Touch they riſe forth, ſtrait mature from their Birth,
And appear, in an Inſtant, on Duty;
As *Minerva* (they feign) did from *Jupiter*'s Brain,
Or from *Ocean* the Goddeſs of Beauty.
Theſe, a numerous Store, ſerve the Rich & the Poor,
And maintain the juſt Rights of Mankind;
Add a Sanction to Law, to keep Subjects in Awe,
And their Tyrants in Fetters confin'd.
But we ought not to boaſt, when for us, to our Coſt,
We're afraid a worſe Fortune remains:
For, if Truth muſt be own'd, many Thouſands are found,
Of our Worthies ſtill hanging in Chains.

RID-

RIDDLE C.

I Owe my Being (like to Worms that breed
In Herbs) to Coleworts, Peaſe, or Burdock Seed:
To Apples, or perhaps rich *Indian* Spice,
Or twenty other Things of leſſer Price.
'Mongſt theſe I claim a Father, if I've any,
But as for Mothers, I can boaſt of many.
In Embryo, a longer Space remain,
Than is the longeſt Life I can attain.
No comely Shape my Body doth adorn,
For Fairy-like inviſibly I'm born;
Like them, in Muſick, greatly I delight,
Like them, am but a Goblin, or a Spright.
And yet a Body, ſuch as 'tis, I have,
But ſuch, as after Death, needs not a Grave.
After a ſhort, but merry Life, I die,
And after Death, ſoon ſtink and putrify.
Now tho' my Crimes are few, and thoſe but ſmall,
I'm laugh'd at, and cry'd Shame upon by all.
My Parents too, as if they ne'er had known me,
In public Company do oft diſown me:
And tho' I never ſpoke an obſcene Thing,
I've made a Lady bluſh to hear me ſing.
Yet, tho' by all, I'm treated with Diſdain,
When ſick, I often eaſe 'em of their Pain.

RIDDLE CI.

WHEN good old *Saturn* ſway'd the Realms of Day,
And num'rous Bleſſings did to Earth convey;
In flow'ry Fields I dwelt, and Meadows green,
Doubled each Beauty and improv'd the Scene;
While Spring maintain'd a never ending Round,
And Nymphs with Innocence and Beauty crown'd,
My Help implor'd to eaſe their am'rous Care,
And the lov'd Youth in pleaſing Toils enſnare.
Sometimes I puniſh'd Scorn and cold Diſdain,
Or ſooth'd with friendly Art the Lover's Pain.
But when with impious Hand rebellious *Jove*,
Expell'd his Father from the Throne above;
By rural Nymphs unſought, unknown to Fame,
To Court I went, and took a diff'rent Name:
My Credit ſoon encreas'd in ev'ry Place,
Nor did the *Gods* deny my Form to grace;
For all my myſtic Pow'r to me is giv'n
By *Hermes*, feign'd the Meſſenger of Heav'n.
I'm frail by Nature, and of humble Race,
Yet ſpotleſs Charms adorn my lovely Face;
And often naked, or but meanly dreſs'd,
Tho' ſometimes glitt'ring in a golden Veſt:
To me the Ladies pay the warmeſt Zeal,
Who tell their Beauties, or their Faults reveal;

To

To me in ey'ry Exigence repair,
The faithful Counſel of the modiſh Fair:
In ſhort, to all, my friendly Aid I lend,
The Beau's Companion and the Lady's Friend.

RIDDLE CII.

BEFORE great Nature ſpread the Seas,
Or faſhion'd the terreſtrial Ball,
I fill'd the vaſt Extent of Space,
And reign'd unrivall'd over all.
An upſtart, proud, malicious Foe,
Often entrenches on my Power,
And then the Caves and Cells below,
Alone my dreaded Life ſecure.
But when a Friend of mine ſucceeds,
I throw my Mantle round the Globe;
And ſtarving Slaves, with mitr'd Heads,
Refreſh themſelves beneath my Robe.
I've neither Legs, nor Hands, nor Head,
Nor no deſtructive Weapons wear,
And yet the Hero ſhakes with Dread,
And quits the Field when I appear.
I'm neither Matter, Mind, or Thought,
(As all that know me muſt confeſs)
And yet a Nation and a Court
Have felt me for their Wickedneſs.

'Tis I that lib'ral, kind and free,
Dreſs ev'ry Slave on *Guinea*'s Shore,
And he is not oblig'd to me,
For one poor Rag of Cov'ring more.
Now ſearch and try if you can find,
What I in myſtic Lines conceal;
But firſt remove me from your Mind,
Or you my Name will ne'er reveal.

RIDDLE CIII.

YE learned Fair, whoſe prying Fancies ſee
Through Veil of Ænigmatic Myſtery,
Who in an Hour can eaſily reveal,
What coſts us more than twenty to conceal;
Say what I am, who's ev'ry Female's Care,
A daily, ſure Attendant on the Fair.
Not that I want Male Friends; the Fop, the Beau,
The Wiſe and Grave, me conſtant Friendſhip ſhow.
Sometimes from diſtant foreign Realms I come
But *England* make my Reſidence and Home;
Here the fair Nymphs with each becoming Grace,
And ſtudied Art, my pleaſing Form embrace.
Oh! what wou'd Lovers give, cou'd they command,
So warm a Pleaſure from the Fair one's Hand.
My Taſte is foreign—for to ſpeak the Truth,
No *Engliſh* Food e'er comes within my Mouth.

With

With far-fetch'd Dainties I regale the Fair,
And moſt I pleaſe them when my Food is dear.
A num'rous Offſpring fall unto my Share,
But unlike me, as ever Children were.
'Tis hard to find a Dozen Brats with Food;
But harder ſtill to drain their Mother's Blood.
I'll add but one Thing more, and then, no doubt,
Each lively Laſs will quickly find me out:
Let half a Dozen Ladies meet, and me,
'Tis ten to one, but preſently you ſee.

RIDDLE CIV.

THO' I never was born, yet came I by ſmocking,
And like all Mankind, was engendred by Knocking.
I'm the Emblem of Chaſtity, yet in all Nations,
I'm ſometimes employ'd to promote Fornications.
The Nuns of *New Rome*, as the Veſtals of old,
(Tho' Snow is not whiter than me to behold)
As a Proof of that Capitol's great Diſſolution,
Lend their Hands, without Shame, to procure my Pollution.
But with Fingers alone I can't be contented;
An Inſtrument longer by Nature's invented,
Which opens at one End and's frizzled at t'other;
With Matter and Motion oft makes me a Mother.

For

For when thus compreſs'd, I'm ſure to be pregnant,
And my Offſpring exceeds that of *Muly*, * late Regnant.
All Places alike I've explor'd; and have been
At once in a Bog-houſe and Hands of a Queen.
I viſit Folks often when leaſt they're expecting;
E'en ſince you've been reading theſe Lines, and reflecting
What a ſtrange Thing I am, I've encreas'd your Vexation,
And perplex'd, by my Preſence, your deep Contemplation.

RIDDLE CV.

FROM a well manur'd Earth, I challenge my Birth,
From a well harden'd Metal my Form;
I'm a right welcome Gueſt at full many a Feaſt,
But ſeldom am good but when warm.

Being born to be burnt, I never can mourn't,
Nor ever repine at my Fate;
Since the worſe I am us'd, and the more I'm abus'd,
The more Riches accrue to the State.

Some

* *Muly Moloch*, Emperor of *Morocco*, who is ſaid to have ſixty-five Children.

Some People I pleaſe, ſome People I eaſe,
And others again I torment;
Some Diſorders I cure, and ſome I procure,
To thoſe who to conquer me meant.

Your Thirſt I encreaſe, your Hunger appeaſe,
To the Weary'd, Refreſhment afford;
My Friends and my Foes, I take by the Noſe,
From the Footman quite up to his Lord.

Of Lawyers, Phyſicians, and grave Politicians,
The Thoughts I am wont to compoſe;
Befriend Contemplation, wet the Wits of the Na-
When o'er me they fuddle their Noſe. (tion

To the Virtues I mention, it was my Intention
To have added a great many more;
But to take but this one, and then I'll have done,
I'm a Salve for almoſt any Sore.

RIDDLE CVI.

WHAT's that in which good Houſewives take Delight?
Which tho' it has no Legs, will ſtand upright?
'Tis often us'd, both Sexes muſt agree,
Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee.
At th'End it has a Hole; 'tis ſtiff and ſtrong,
Thick as a Maiden's Wriſt and pretty long.

To a ſoft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,
And makes the Thing 'tis us'd to, ſtill more wide;
The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,
That what lies under may the wider grow.
By giddy Sluts ſometimes it is abus'd,
But by good Houſewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their Purpoſe be,
When they to occupy the ſame are free.
Now tell me, merry Ladies, if you can,
What this muſt be, that is no Part of Man.

RIDDLE CVII.

FROM Heav'n at firſt with *Lucifer* I fell,
But left him in his Paſſage down to Hell;
Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his Breaſt,
And none without me can have Eaſe or Reſt.
I am the Staff of Age, the ſick Man's Health,
The Pris'ner's Freedom, and the poor Man's Wealth;
And tho' ſome call me falſe, and others vain,
I lead the Way to what all ſeek to gain:
No Man without me wou'd a Miſtreſs court,
Nor croſs the Seas unto a Foreign Port:
I've told you what I am, and whence I came,
Now tell me, if you can, what is my Name.

RID-

RIDDLE CVIII.

KNOWN, and ſo obvious to the lit'ral Race
Of prying Men, and the more curious Sex
Ycleped Fair, to paint my Properties
In Colours enigmatic, and not ſhow
My Name's an arduous Taſk: But then, O Muſe!
Whom feeble Bards invoke, with graceful Aid
Advance the Work propitious, and ſuggeſt
Redundant Phraſe, and ſounding Pomp of Words,
Moſt ſplendidly nigreſcent; that at once
(Like *Philomel*, that in ſome tufted Buſh
Obſcurely chants the Pleaſures of the Night,
And warbling, fills the Grove with ſecret Song)
I may allure with Numbers tuneful ſet,
And darkling ſing unſeen: A Twelvemonth's time,
From my firſt Peep of Being, doth produce
My greateſt Strength; but I am ne'er endu'd
With the kind vital Flame; a fertile ſhe
May give me Birth, but oft a gen'rous Male
Bears my encreaſing Bulk; when born I act
Wonders amazing; for, ſometimes, I give
Laughing Diverſion to a Circling Club
Inopinate: Sometimes, in Speech ſevere,
I ſcatter Terror through the trembling World.
Dread Meſſenger of multifarious Woe!
'Tis I that ſend the anxious Lover Pain,
Or cool his Breaſt with *Chloe*'s calmer Thoughts
Relenting:

Relenting: Mighty Kings have often made
My Company a Solace to their Cares;
Grave Judges, learn'd Phyſicians, great Divines,
Chuſe me their Friend, who conſecrate their Names
To long ſucceeding Years, of hoary Time
Indelible: And from my fatal Mouth,
Eftſoons, proceed the Sentences of Death
To diſtant Criminals; but leſt I ſhou'd
Garr'lous diſcover, what I ſtrive to hide,
I'll here no more unfold, but leave the reſt
To fair Diviners, and the pretty Skill
Of Riddling Wits, who doubtleſs will unfold
My Phraſe ambiguous, and ſhow my Name.

RIDDLE CIX.

BRED in the Womb of Mother Earth,
Unſeen by mortal Eyes,
'Till Nature ripens to the Birth,
And then I upwards riſe.

I take a Run on Earth below,
Can ſtand yet have no Feet,
I take a Round, yet cannot go,
And then I mount my Height.

When tow'ring aloft, I fly,
And beat the gentle Air,
Protected from th'inclement Sky,
Yet all its Storms can bear. When

When Mortals are involv'd in Ills,
I ſing with mournful Voice,
If Mirth their Hearts with Gladneſs fills,
I celebrate their Joys.

I, like the glorious Sun above,
Who rounds the Globe with Light,
In Motion circular do move:
Have Beams tho' not ſo bright.

I headſtrong and unruly grow,
If left unto my Will,
Which always proves my Overthrow,
And, ſometimes, others kill.

I, like the Moon in clouded Air,
Around i'th' Dark do range,
Like her, my Movement's regular,
Like her, am giv'n to change.

And, as the Lark, with warbling Throat,
Aſcends upon the Wing,
So I lift up my chearful Note,
And as I mount, I ſing.

I

RIDDLE CX.

WHILE Nature form'd me, one whole Month I lay
Stupid and ſenſeleſs as a Lump of Clay.

But as *Pigmalion's* Image, which ('tis ſaid)
Of a dead Statue grew a living Maid;
Juſt ſo, my Limbs endu'd with vital Heat,
Took Motion, and my Pulſe began to beat.
But oh, my hapleſs Lot! by adverſe Fate
Condemn'd to a perpetual captive State.
In ſuch a narrow Dungeon was I pent,
So ſtrict and rigid my Impriſonment,
That in my Lodging-Room, cou'd not be found
Where I cou'd ſtand upright, or turn me round.
Taken at laſt from thence, when weak and faint,
A larger Priſon ſweetn'd my Reſtraint.
When now in Robes of various Colours dreſt,
I'm ev'ry Day well fed, and much careſs'd:
Yet ſtill confin'd; I round my Priſon walk,
And thro' my Grate to Paſſengers I talk.
What Language 'tis I ſpeak, I cannot tell,
But thoſe which hear me, underſtand it well.

RIDDLE CXI.

I Liv'd before the Flood, yet ſtill am young,
I ſpeak all Languages, yet have no Tongue.
In Deſarts was I bred; I know no Schools,
Nor ever underſtood the Grammar Rules;
Yet when the courtly Gallant talks with me,
I've as polite a Dialect as he.

I ſympathize with all in Joy or Pain,
Laugh with the Merry, with the Sad complain;
By Nature taught ſuch an obliging Way,
That if you hold Diſcourſe with me all Day,
I never can diſſent from what you ſay.
I'm with you in the Woods, and on the Plain,
Yet all the while inviſible remain.
I'm now in *France*, in *Spain*, in *England* too;
Next Moment I'm in *China* or *Peru*.
Yet Legs to walk with, Nature did deny,
Nor have I Fins to ſwim, or Wings to fly.
Tho' Thouſands do, I ne'er ſhall, die of Age,
'Till the laſt Conflagration clears the Stage.

RIDDLE CXII.

LET it be ſo, e'en the Creator ſpoke;
Whence Sun, Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea, their Beings took:
I did exiſt, and have Exiſtence ſtill,
And on this wretched Globe ſhall live, untill
The laſt tremendous Trumpet ſhall be blown,
To ſummon all before the heavenly Throne.
In Heav'n I was, when th'Angels did rebel,
I egg'd them on, and caus'd their Doom to Hell.
In *Eden* I, when *Abel* there was ſlain,
Urg'd to that horrid Fact accurſed *Cain*.

I ever ſince on Earth like Crimes commit;
Where *Adam*'s Race do all to me ſubmit.
I Buſineſs have with all, by all am us'd;
By ſome careſs'd, by others am accus'd.
Vaſt Empires, haughty States endure my Chains;
Monarchs my Power obey, and rural Swains.
The *Chriſtian*, *Infidel*, the *Jew* and *Turk*,
Papiſt and *Proteſtant*, I ſet on Work:
Diſſenters of all Sects, *Whigs*, *Tories*, all
Submiſſive yield to my tyrannic Thrall.
The Stateſman, Lawyer, Natur'liſt, and grave
Divine: The full grown Man, Child, Fool, and Knave:
The Soldier, Sailor, all on Land or Sea,
Father, Son, Marry'd, Single, Bond, and Free,
Beauties, Wits, Criticks; all are Slaves to me.
My Properties and Faults thus having told,
With Eaſe, I think, you may my Name unfold.

RIDDLE CXIII.

WE come from Place unknown to mortal Eye,
In confus'd State; but now by Alchymy
Our homogeneal Parts united are,
And from enormous Maſs, a Shape we wear,
Worthy for whom we're made, the charming Fair.

In Splendor we exceed, and Order too,
The fineſt Army which you ever knew;
Our Troops on whiteſt Plain exactly ſtand,
And yet are broken by the weakeſt Hand:
Each ſhining Troop when full, ſcarce counts a Score,
And once diſorder'd, never rally more.
Seiz'd by the bright *Dorinda*, we become
Her *Gardes du Corps*, and triumph in the Doom;
Then artfully diſpos'd, our Station take,
To keep *Dorinda*'s Dreſs in modiſh Shape.
Altho' her native Charms no more require,
For ſhe adorns the Mode, the Mode not her,
And is moſt charming with the leaſt Attire.
In Bondage nigh her Face, her Neck, her Waiſt we lie;
Would you not think ſuch Bondage Liberty?
To her each Morn ourſelves we captive yield,
Till you ſee nothing but an empty Field.

RIDDLE CXIV.

OF the wing'd Race, I far the brighteſt ſhine,
There's few whoſe merit can compare with mine!
My Plumes are eminently rich and gay,
Moſt happy thoſe! with whom I deign to ſtay:
When I am with 'em, they are always priz'd;
But in my Abſence juſtly are deſpis'd.

Thoſe who poſſeſs my Love are never poor:
I to the Wiſe great Safety do procure,
Achilles Shield cou'd not ſo well ſecure.
To Power, Wealth and Honour I promote
Some of my Friends, and ſome by me are brought
T'enjoy much Satisfaction of the Mind:
One Way or other I to all am kind.
Yet (ſtrange to tell!) by many I'm contemn'd;
Virtue ſure ſtoops its Head and falls condemn'd,
When Worth like mine ſo little is eſteem'd!
Others there are who uſe me careleſly,
Regarding not my matchleſs Company,
But know, I do deſerve your utmoſt Care,
Nay, and your utmoſt Pains you muſt not ſpare
To keep me with you; I command Reſpect,
And ſoon take Leave upon the leaſt Neglect.
If I but once am on the Wing, in vain
You call, you rave, and grievouſly complain:
For 'tis no humane Pow'r, or mightieſt Men,
With all their Art can charm me back agen.

RIDDLE CXV.

I Have no Tongue; yet elegantly ſpeak
The nobleſt *Latin* and the ſublimeſt *Greek*.
I have no Toes; and yet I have ſix Feet;
I move in Meaſure, ſmooth, ſerene and ſweet.

I'm

I'm pleasing, yet majestick; soft, yet strong;
I'm white, and yet I'm black; I'm short, yet long;
A Favourite to *Augustus* Court I came,
He gave me Lawrels, and I gave him Fame.
I magnified the Vertues of those Times;
Yet with an equal Boldness lash'd the Crimes.
Triumphant Victors at my Will I lead,
O'er prostrate Crowns, and Mountains of the Dead.
At my Command they conquer, live and reign,
If I a more disastrous Fate ordain,
They lie inglorious, wounded, vanquish'd, slain.
'Twas I that made *Alcmena*'s Son so great,
And Monsters, Giants, Tyrants did create,
T'advance his Trophies on their abject Fate.
Tho' I have liv'd above two Thousand Years,
In me no Symptom of Decay appears;
My Genius for devouring Time's too strong;
I ever flourish lovely, gay and young.
My Birth's prepost'rous; such (in times of old)
The fab'lous Poets of *Minerva* told;
So she was form'd, and cast in such a Mould.
In that same Hour, whence I my Being drew,
To absolute Maturity I grew.
No Female was assisting at my Birth;
My Sire alone conceiv'd and brought me forth.

RIDDLE CXVI.

BRITONS in me you may behold of late,
A dismal Instance of unconstant Fate;
Five thousand Years, and more, ran gently round,
While I, from most, Respect and Honour found,
By Heroes, Sages, Senators caress'd,
To Kings and Princes no unwelcome Guest,
Nay, in such absolute Request I was,
That e'en to want me seem'd a great Disgrace.
But see the Issue of my prosp'rous Fate;
Scarce dare I offer to appear of late,
But Men with fatal Steel, my Life pursue,
And all around my mangled Members strow.
And now, lest you should in your Guesses fail,
I'll one Step farther yet myself unveil;
I'm, without Female's Aid, the Product of a Male.

RIDDLE CXVII.

DARK in a Cell, remote from vulgar Eye,
Sought for by many, I regardless lye,
Resolv'd to save my dear Virginity.
All Tricks I try to keep myself disguis'd,
My Charms discover'd seldom long are priz'd.
Whatever Shape my Purpose suits I borrow,
To Day I'm *Thomas*, *Abigail* to Morrow;

Or

Or Bird, or Beaſt, or Fiſh, or Stone, or Tree,
(Juſt as the Whim directs) I ſoon can be.
Sometimes a Sort of Magick Art I try,
Caſt a thick Miſt before my Lover's Eye;
That he can't ſee me tho' I ſtand cloſe by.
Again I take him, (to make Sport or ſo)
O'er Hedge and Ditch, o'er Mountain clad with Snow;
Then leave the wilder'd Fool in *ſtatu quo*.
Thus o'er my Slaves I reign and tyrannize,
Slighting the Witty, ſlighted by the Wiſe:
'Till ſome bold Youth attacks with manly Grace,
And takes me ſtruggling to his fond Embrace;
Pleas'd with the Conqueſt he forgets his Toil,
And proudly triumphs o'er the vanquiſh'd Spoil:
Then by Conſent, we from each other fly,
He a new Miſtreſs takes, a new Lover I.

RIDDLE CXVIII.

TO ev'ry Realm a welcome Gueſt I come;
And lo! the Rich and Poor for me make Room;
Howe'er in other Points they ſnarl and bite,
In my Applauſe they one and all unite.
For I to Good, and Bad, alike am kind,
M'extenſive Bounty's to no Clime confin'd.

With

With temp'rate peaceful Men I chiefly reſt,
But don't delight in any ſplendid Feaſt,
Tho' ev'n there, I ſometimes, am a Gueſt.
But when the Glaſs exceſſively goes round,
In which both Wit and Reaſon too, are drown'd,
Enrag'd thereat, I ſwiftly from them fly,
And make their Pleaſures bear me Company.
Where'er I go freſh Tranſports fill the Place,
And Joy triumphant ſits on ev'ry Face.

RIDDLE CXIX.

GREAT Pains in vain the *Greeks* and *Romans* took
To bring the ſpacious Earth beneath their Yoke;
When I with Eaſe, there's none but will allow,
Have made all Nations to my Sceptre bow.
Me Kings oppoſe, and States reſiſt, in vain,
No Pow'r can ſhield 'em from my ſervile Chain.
You'd think me by my Skill, ſome Engineer,
That circumvents by Art, not open War:
For 'tis in Sieges moſt conſiſts my Slight,
And ſly Scaladoes enterpriz'd by Night;
Yet ſpight of *Sol* I oft aſſert my Sway,
And proſtrate Numbers in the Face of Day:
In my Opponents this you may admire,
While they their Gates keep ope' I muſt retire,
But when they're ſhut I compaſs my Deſire.

Freedom

Freedom to all my Subjects I beſtow;
But moſt on him (poor Soul!) that weds a Shrew;
Like mine, no Spell can o'er her Tongue prevail;
Xantippe, charm'd by me, wou'd ceaſe to rail.

I'm almoſt of an equal Date with Man,
And e'en in Paradiſe my Pow'r began;
Since then, no Bounds my ſpacious Empire knew,
Some After-Ages deified me too:
But tho' t'adore me Mortals now diſdain,
My Pow'r is ſtill, throughout the World, the ſame:
Nor can the Skill of Man repel the Charm,
'Till the laſt Trump the Univerſe alarm.

RIDDLE CXX.

FROM Seed, or Egg, the tender *Fœtus* ſprings
Of all our common generated Things:
For, as the modern Nat'raliſts explore,
Spontaneous Generation is no more.
But my capricious Riſe upbraids the Rules
Laid down by *Ariſtotle*, and the Schools;
Regardleſs of the Search of prying Eyes,
And all aſſiſtant Midwifry denies.

From Male, or Female, I indiff'rent ſpring;
Nay take my Birth from almoſt every Thing:
A Cloud may oft my pregnant Mother be;
Sometimes a Church, and oft an ancient Tree;

A Fan, a Chair, a Mouſe, old Iron, Earth,
Have often given me my aukward Birth;
And when brought forth, I in a Moment's Space
Start out from Home, and rove from Place to Place.
No Corner of the Univerſe is known,
But I have come from thence, and thither flown;
And always with ſuch potent Force endu'd,
I ruſh as ſwift as Lightning from a Cloud.
Sometimes I thro' the ſtrongeſt Walls can paſs,
Fly thro' a Window, and not break the Glaſs;
The trembling Ladies in their Beds invade,
Or make a Monarch with his Guards afraid.
But I not always terrible appear,
To damp the Mirthful, or affright the Fair:
Sometimes into their Company I move,
With all the Sweets and Blandiſhments of Love;
So ſoft, ſo charming, that with rapt'rous Glee,
They fix the Paſſions of their Soul on me;
And for my Sake forego the Night's Repoſe,
Or ſlight the Service of the officious Beaux.
But—— farther let me not myſelf undreſs,
Leſt you ſee plainly what you are to gueſs.

RIDDLE CXXI.

YE riddling Wits, ingenious to reveal,
What ſome from you obſcurely wou'd conceal;

Tell

Say from whence we proceed, or who we are?
Poor Couple! But a merry fruitful Pair:
We're white as chaste *Pigmalion*'s Miss, (we think)
And yet our Children are as black as Ink.
They're Forty-two in Number, yet we bear
Each One and Twenty, as our equal Share:
But some, perhaps, will say, they're not our own,
Because we very often lye alone.

We came from *India*, if you fain would know.
Our Children ne'er will any bigger grow.
Whole Troops of Men we often discompose,
For which we oft' receive ill-natur'd Blows.

Dame *Fortune* makes us execute her Will,
To gain th' Ascendant over human Skill;
She sways our Lives, with us she most prevails,
And while she favours one, another rails,
Damns her, and in his Passion bites his Nails.

RIDDLE CXXII.

WITHOUT my Aid no Mortal can survive,
And yet unknown to those I keep alive.
By me they move and speak, and challenge Fame,
Yet none of them did ever see my Frame.
I am the greatest Friend that Mortals know;
At other Times I am a potent Foe.

Yet while you read the vaſt Immenſity,
Vain is your greateſt Art if turn'd on me.
Moſt Authors term me of the Female Kind,
For they're the brighteſt Works by Heav'n deſign'd;
Yet one Advantage does to me belong,
Their Beauties fade, but I am ever young.

RIDDLE CXXIII.

MY Dame ſhe ſaid, Sirs, call in *Kate*!
Its Time that ſhe her Breakfaſt eat.
Now *Kate* to order was the ſame,
But by Directions of my Dame:
Some Milk was in a Skillet put,
For Want of Care, the heedleſs Slut
Stumbling, ſhe let the Skillet fall
Amongſt the Coals with Milk and all;
My Maſter joking, ſays to th' Maid,
No crying, *Kate*, for Milk that's ſhed.
My Dame ſhe cries, ſhe'll give no more;
So *Kate* the Milk took off the Floor;
And in a trice ſhe waſh'd it ſo,
That it became as white as Snow;
And was as uſeful as before
It got the Fall upon the Floor:

And

And now unfold, I beg you will,
What was the Milkmaid's Art and Skill
In washing Milk? Because we meet
With Pitchers oft broke in the Street.

RIDDLE CXXIV.

AS ancient Bards long since of *Venus* sung,
To *Neptune's* foamy Bounds I owe my Birth,
Tho' not the Beauty which I now enjoy.
T'express the Hardships which I underwent,
E'er I my present State and Form acquir'd,
(Enough to melt a Tyrant's Heart to pity)
Wou'd be too tedious; I shall therefore wave it,
And only what befel me after, tell.
When at full Growth I by Degrees arriv'd,
A Husband soon for me provided was,
A Foreigner, from distant Southern Climes,
In Stature, Shape and Nature so unlike,
That North and South could hardly differ more.
Yet such a Dowry with him was propos'd,
My avaricious Breast could not withstand;
This to my full Content I first receiv'd,
Then straight we were in strict Alliance join'd.

Long

Long thus in Nuptial Fondness we remain'd;
In close Embraces I did encircle Him,
And he, as true as e'er was faithful Swain,
Ne'er sought Occasion from my Arms to fly.
But yet a dismal Fate did us attend,
(As no Terrestrial Joys are permanent.)
Rapacious Hands attack'd my loyal Spouse
With Violence, he cou'd not long resist;
Pierc'd thro' and thro' at last with pointed Steel,
By Force he was from my Embraces torn:
Nor yet content with that, they rifled me
Of all my Store, and then to Scorn expos'd,
Left me a Widow, destitute and poor,
In Sorrow thus to wail my wretched State.

FINIS.

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